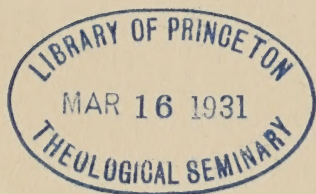


MY OWN YESTERDAYS



CHARLES R. BROWN



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My own yesterdays

MY OWN YESTERDAYS

BOOKS BY DEAN BROWN

MY OWN YESTERDAYS

THESE TWELVE

TEN SHORT STORIES FROM THE BIBLE

THE MAKING OF A MINISTER

THE GOSPEL FOR MAIN STREET

* THE SOCIAL MESSAGE OF THE MODERN PULPIT

SOCIAL REBUILDERS

THE ART OF PREACHING

WHY I BELIEVE IN RELIGION

YALE TALKS

WHAT IS YOUR NAME?

WHERE DO YOU LIVE?

FAITH AND HEALTH

THE YOUNG MAN'S AFFAIRS

* THE MODERN MAN'S RELIGION

THE MAIN POINTS

A WORKING FAITH

THE STRANGE WAYS OF GOD

THE HONOR OF THE CHURCH

THE LARGER FAITH

LIVING AGAIN

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

FIVE YOUNG MEN

* TWO PARABLES

* THE CAP AND GOWN

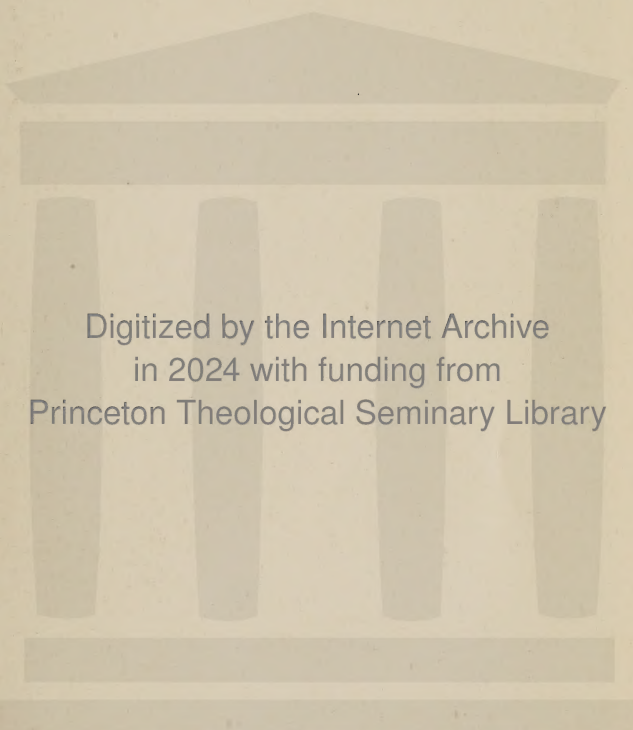
THE RELIGION OF A LAYMAN

* THE MASTER'S WAY

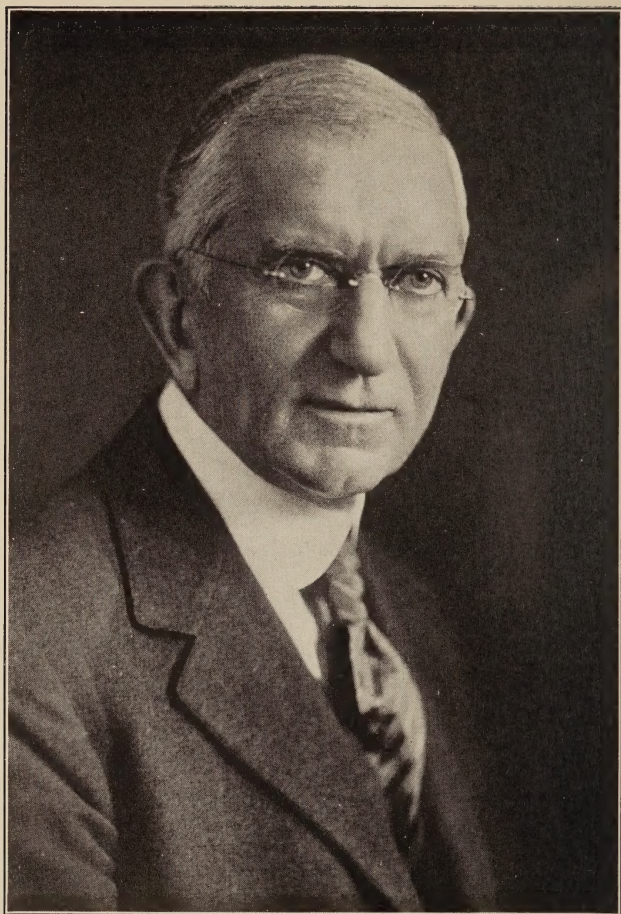
THE STORY BOOKS OF THE EARLY HEBREWS

* THE QUEST OF LIFE

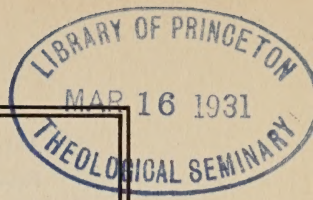
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CHARLES REYNOLDS BROWN



MY OWN YESTERDAYS

BY
✓
CHARLES REYNOLDS BROWN

*Dean Emeritus of the Divinity School,
Yale University*



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NOTICE ! ! !

Here is the standard definition of a bore! "A bore is a man who talks about himself, when you want to talk about yourself."

This book is about myself—things that I have seen, heard, felt, shared, enjoyed! I have claimed the privilege of commenting upon them as I went along, lest the story should read like an "Old Farmer's Almanac"! The meaning of a fact is usually more interesting than the bare fact itself with no clothing of interpretation draped about it.

This is not an autobiography in the ordinary sense of that term. Had I undertaken to furnish a continuous narrative of my modest existence, there would have been long stretches of Kansas and Nebraska (as there are for one who crosses the continent from ocean to ocean in an automobile), without scenery and devoid of any particular interest for the reader. The book is made up of snap-shots, taken here and there, of situations and experiences which seemed to have some measure of significance.

It is the story of an average man's life. The Declaration of Independence says, with a certain rhetorical flourish which has never been quite borne out by experience, that "all men are created equal." One who knew better, One who "knew what was in man and needed not that any should tell Him," frankly faced the fact of human inequality. He said, "To one man is given five talents, to another two, to another one." He saw people lined up before him like a spelling class, a few of them by reason of superior endowment at the head of the class, a lot of them at the foot, with the great majority somewhere in between.

In this sketch, my concern is not with either extreme. The camera is not turned upon a man who is thoroughly sure of himself because he feels confident that he has five talents of exceptional ability, nor upon a man who stands looking at his one poor little talent, saying, "What's the use!" These pages are written about a man with two talents, an ordinary man, who has been neither very rich nor very poor, neither as wise as Solomon nor a dunce, neither a finished saint nor a rascal. Just an average man!

"Give me neither poverty nor riches," a man once prayed in the Old Testament. It was a sensible

prayer. I have two legs. I should be sorry to have only one—it would be most inconvenient. I should be equally sorry to have five legs, or fifty, or a hundred like some centipede. I have just two—the usual number—legs enough. Why should I want fifty millions of dollars or fifty times as much brain power as any other man in town! I do not want to be a pauper and beg my bread, nor have I ever had any desire to become a millionaire. I do not want to be illiterate, and I have never fancied that I was a sage or a seer. I have found peace, joy, and a high sense of privilege in moving along the main-traveled road with the great middle class where I belong.

Now having posted this “Notice of Warning” to those who are looking for thrills or for something highly picturesque, I shall feel that if any such person goes further in turning the pages of this book, he will do so at his own risk. He will be legally estopped from laying any portion of the blame for his disappointment at my door.

C. R. B.

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MY OWN YESTERDAYS

MY OWN YESTERDAYS

· I ·

BOYHOOD

MY life began on a farm near the little town of Bethany, Virginia. It is in West Virginia now, but there was no "West Virginia" when I was born there. I was a year old when that State was carved out of a portion of the "Old Dominion" as a war measure and admitted to the Union. I am therefore happy to be a real "Virginian."

I feel always that I am a good deal of an American. My family has been here a long time. My ancestors landed at Jamestown, Virginia, in the year 1607. They had their trunks unpacked and all their household arrangements in good running order when those Pilgrim Fathers finally got around in 1620, coming ashore at Plymouth, Massachusetts, from their good ship the *Mayflower*. We

were glad to see them when they came. They were excellent people and were destined to make an important contribution to our national life.

But we were here first. And we have not been moving away nor dying out. I do not know how it may be with other family stocks, but I feel thoroughly sure that when Gabriel blows his trumpet, in every telephone book and city directory from Eastport, Maine, to San Diego, California, there will still be found pages and pages of "Browns."

While I was still "an infant crying in the night"—crying a great deal more than was fitting, I have been told by those who suffered the annoyance—"and with no language but a cry," my father moved from Virginia to Iowa. He was influenced by both political and economic considerations. He was a Democrat, but he had never believed in slavery nor in secession, and with his convictions, the Iowa atmosphere seemed more congenial in that post-war period. The deep, rich soil of the Mississippi Valley made its appeal also to a young farmer who had been sowing his seed in that sparser soil among the hills of Virginia.

He had studied in Bethany College when Alex-

ander Campbell was its President. I was born within gunshot of that campus, and when I have occasionally given addresses to audiences composed of the Disciples of Christ, they have sometimes seemed to detect in me a certain flavor of their own particular faith, due no doubt to my earliest habitat.

When I was four years old, my father moved again, going to that farm in Washington County, Iowa, which became his home without interruption for the next forty-eight years—until he died. This farm was on the open prairie where there were scarcely any native trees. My father planted twelve hundred maple trees in a grove to the west of the house to serve as a windbreak and along the lane which led up to it. In later years the place came to be known as “Maple Lane.” As a small boy, I “dropped” the seed for those twelve hundred maples, my father following with his hoe to cover the seeds with soft earth.

I have always felt that it would be desirable if all children could be born in the country and live there until they were at least fifteen years old. Then if they showed signs of promise, they might be transferred to the swifter and more stimulating

currents of city life. But for boys and girls, paved streets and concrete sidewalks, apartment houses or closely huddled dwellings are a sorry substitute for a home in the country surrounded by trees and grass, flowers and fruitful fields which live and grow. It is good for a boy to be on intimate, friendly terms with horses and cows, pigs and chickens, dogs and birds. The touch of life—all sorts and conditions of life—upon these lives of ours is all to the good.

Quite apart from the boon of vigorous health, consequent upon outdoor life and a generous supply of food which comes fresh from the garden rather than stale from the market, this direct contact with the soil and with a wealth of things vital registers a wholesome impress upon the unfolding mental and spiritual life which cannot readily be duplicated in the machine-made city. I have never been able to figure out just how it could be arranged to have all children live in the country until they were fifteen years old, but if it could be done, I am confident that it would be a real gain.

The strongest, the sweetest, the holiest influence which has ever made itself felt in my life came from my dear mother. She was a comely woman,

with a mind rarely alert and alive, with a gracious manner and a spirit which was nothing less than Christlike. Have I ever known a truer Christian!

She made pals of her children. I was the first-born, and she read all my boys' books, Oliver Optic, Harry Castleman, Horatio Alger, and the rest, that she might discuss with me the various characters appearing upon those pages. I had the impression then that she was as much interested in those boys' books as I was—which indeed was not far from the truth.

We read *David Copperfield* together aloud, chapter by chapter, turn about, the summer I was nine years old. She was visibly amused by some of the rather detailed references to David's advent into the world and by Aunt Betsy Trotwood's shrewd comments, which were entirely beyond my boyish comprehension. When the daily reading was over, I would occasionally get the book out on the sly to reread and ponder some of those sentences—my hour for the enjoyment of some of Dickens's humor had not yet come. She kept it up—I was a Sophomore in college before I had read anything to speak of which she also had not read in order to share with me in my own unfolding. And in that quiet

country home I read a great deal, for the distractions of automobiles, movies, and radios were not as yet. Thank God!

She had been reared a Presbyterian, although after her marriage she united with the Methodist Church, of which my father had been a member from his early youth. She carried over enough of her earlier training to teach her children the Catechism, and for a period of years, she required each child to learn ten verses of Scripture every Sunday and recite them to her before we could go to bed.

She was a "higher critic" before there were any such things known by that name, born out of due time, one who studied to show herself approved unto God, a workman in things divine who need not be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth. She wisely discriminated between the local and the universal, the passing and the permanent, the incidental and the essential parts of Scripture. When she selected passages for us to memorize, it was always "the finest of the wheat." We were never told to pasture our sensitive minds and hearts upon the stony fields of *Leviticus*, *Chronicles*, or *Ecclesiastes*, to say nothing of *Haggai*, *Nahum*, or

Habakkuk. By that wholesome discipline, she stored my mind with many of the noblest passages of the Bible, which I can readily repeat to this day. What I read and learn now I frequently forget before the end of the month, but the Scripture I learned many years ago I can reproduce at will just as I can repeat the Lord's Prayer.

And we learned our Scripture from the King James Version of the Bible. These modern paraphrases, where the vigorous, majestic language of William Tyndale has been "done over" into chatty, newspaper-and-baseball English, had not yet appeared. In view of the fact that the scholars of the world are quite agreed that the two noblest monuments of English expression we have, are to be found in Shakespeare's plays and the King James version of the Bible, this also was an occasion for deep gratitude, when I grew old enough to realize how much it meant.

When I was a baby, my mother and my father took me to the church to be christened. When I became a boy of twelve, she once described to me that scene, quietly indicating its deeper meaning. She told me that I had been carried into the church a babe; that then and there my little life

had been offered in consecration to the Lord of Life; that she and my father had faithfully promised to give me a Christian training; that the minister and all the people in the congregation had prayed that I might grow up as a Christian.

When she had made plain to me what had been done on behalf of my life (all unconscious as yet of the spiritual values involved), it deeply impressed my small mind. I felt that if I did not run straight, I would be going back on my parents and upon all those people and upon the Lord Himself. I presume that no intelligent Protestant in these days thinks of infant baptism as the saving of the child's soul, or of its having any magical efficacy whatever. But if the real meaning of a christening can be made clear to the parents at the time, and to the child as soon as he reaches the age of moral accountability, that service may well become a significant part of our program of Christian nurture.

There at my baptism, my mother consecrated her first-born to the Lord, and vowed in the depths of her own soul that when he grew up, he should be a minister of the gospel. She cherished that hope during all those years, but never once broke silence to mention her desires to me. Even when I

graduated from college and announced my purpose to become a lawyer, she kept her own counsel, talking the matter over daily with Him, but never bringing any sort of visible or audible pressure to bear upon my free choice of a vocation.

When at the age of twenty-two I went home from the city, where I was earning money for my further education, to tell my parents that I had decided to study for the ministry, my mother, with tears of joy in her eyes and with a voice trembling from long pent-up emotion, told me how she had cherished that hope during all those years, praying steadily that it might be fulfilled. She lived to attend services of worship in all three of the churches which I served as Pastor. Her presence in the congregation, and some knowledge of what was transpiring in her inmost soul, was to me a source of inspiration which cannot be put into words. I enjoyed her sweet comradeship, maintained by personal contacts and by an intimate correspondence, until I was fifty-three years old. May Highest Heaven be praised for Christian mothers!

My father and mother worked with their hands, as well as with their heads. They brought up their children to work with their hands. There is no kind

of farm work, from the turning of the first furrow in the early spring to the gathering-in of the last ear of corn in the late fall, which I have not done day in and day out, week in and week out. I have come in from the field, many a time, so tired that I scarcely cared to eat my supper—I only wanted to tumble into bed to get the needed rest for the work of the next day.

I am not making any such wild claim as to say that I was fond of it—I rebelled against it, sometimes with all my might. But the reaction upon my own makeup, physical, mental, moral, was at that very time a real benefit. And in all these later years, when manual labor has had little or no place in my own pursuits, it has given me a wiser, kindlier understanding of the lives of those who toil mainly with their hands. When I see a group of tired men coming out of a mill or a mine or a factory, at the end of a long, hard day, with fatigue written out in a bold hand across their faces and in their bearing, I know exactly how they feel. I too have felt it in my bones. And my interest as a Christian minister in labor conditions, in labor organizations, and in all the problems of industry has been deepened and informed by

the experience of those earlier years on a farm.

Where boys are compelled by necessity to do things for themselves, the effect has high value. There in the country we always made our own baseballs and bats. The regulation league supplies, sold in stores carrying sporting goods, would have been entirely beyond the reach of our shallow purses. How many times I have made baseballs for use in our school games! I would take the heel from a cast-off rubber shoe to furnish the necessary resilience at the center of the ball. Then I would wrap around it ordinary twine which had come with purchases from the stores, taking care to preserve the spherical shape. When the ball was of the correct size, I would use a piece of kid or calfskin from the top of an outworn boot for the cover, and sew it on myself. The finished product would have brought a smile to the faces of A. G. Spalding & Co., but we played our games with those balls and had as much fun as Babe Ruth and Ty Cobb have ever had with their more elegant equipment.

The winter I was seventeen years old, I teased my father to buy a sleigh. We had the old-fashioned bob-sleds which were in common use on those

farms. But there was a red-cheeked maiden across the meadow whom I wanted to take out for a sleigh-ride. A boy and girl in a bob-sled are not well placed for the complete enjoyment of that experience. My father did not feel that he could afford to purchase a sleigh, and after denying my request repeatedly, he said to me one day, "Here is plenty of material on the farm and here are tools—build your own sleigh, if you want one."

It was quite a challenge to my undeveloped mechanical abilities, but I went bravely at it. There was hickory in abundance for the runners and the shafts. There were boards lying about for the bed and the seat of the sleigh. I worked at it mornings and evenings and on Saturdays when I was not in school. In a few weeks I had a sleigh. It was not as handsome as the ones which were made in Moline or South Bend, but it served. I took the girl out for many a sleigh-ride and as we slipped along over the snow in the moonlight, my cup of satisfaction was filled to the brim. I did not know at that time (but my father knew) that the effect upon my own life of learning to use tools and material, and of learning to do things for myself, would

have more value than all the machine-made sleighs on earth.

My earliest education was not obtained in a "little red school-house"—it was painted white, and it bore the name of "Snowball School-House." The rigor of those Iowa winters, greater then than now for some unknown cause, readily suggests the reason for the name. It was a country school where all the grades, primary and grammar, assembled in a single room and were taught by a single teacher. The attendance ranged from twenty-five to forty-five—it was larger in the winter term than in the spring and autumn when the older boys were at work on the farms—and all ages from five to eighteen were represented. It was far from ideal pedagogy, but the personal interest and friendliness of some of those teachers, whose intellectual and spiritual development was so far in advance of the status of the restless urchins gathered there, left in my own heart a deep sense of gratitude and appreciation which is there now. I set down the names of just a few of them in grateful remembrance—Cyrus Beard and Alfred Kelley, Belle Dawson and Lydia Booth.

When the time came for me to begin the more serious work of preparing for college, my father entered me at Washington Academy. It was five miles away, in our nearest town. For the three years I lived at home, riding to and from school. It meant ten miles of horseback exercise every day, in all kinds of weather and over all sorts of roads, for the automobile had not come, with its imperative demand for paved roads. But that vigorous exercise in the open air, far and away better than any "daily dozen," taken not as an elective but as a required course, helped to lay the foundations for a physique which has stood me in good stead these many years. During the first twenty-five years of my active ministry, I never missed an appointment, week day or Sunday, because I was sick, or had sore throat, or the grippe. I was always ready for duty when the hour struck. "The outside of a horse is good for the inside of a man," and those many hours in the saddle aided me mightily in gaining that vigorous, resilient physique which is a real asset to any one.

The Principal of the Academy was W. P. Johnston, the first real scholar I had ever met. He was a handsome man, one to be noticed anywhere as a

person of distinction, possessed of genuine culture and rarely proficient in the classics. We read with him Cicero's Orations, the *Amicitia* and the *Senectute*, Horace's Odes, Xenophon's *Memorabilia* of Socrates and Demosthenes on *The Crown*. He put Athens and Rome on the map for us. He made those fine old Greeks and Romans live and move and have their being there before our eyes and in our minds, in that little country town in Iowa.

With all of his intellectual ability, he was also a man of beautiful Christian spirit, which caused his students to look up to him in wonder, in admiration, and with deep affection. He honored me with his personal friendship in all the years which followed, a privilege upon which I placed a high appraisal. He became President of Geneva College in Pennsylvania. After I went to Yale, as a member of the faculty, I had the joy of visiting him in his home and of giving the Commencement address at the college of which he was the head. The smile on that fine face and in those deep-set eyes, when he greeted his old friends, will never fade out of my memory.

When I look back upon the church life of those earlier years, I wonder why the brethren in the

pulpit did not do something better for us. They were earnest, sincere men no doubt, but their preaching was mainly a threshing-over of old theological straw from which the grains of wheat had long since dropped out. It seemed to have very little to do with the lives of the men and women before them, and still less with the lives of the boys and girls. Why did they not interpret to us the clear, straight teachings of the Master and relate those sublime truths in some way to the needs and privileges of everyday life?

In my Academy days, we had a sentimental minister who would seize my hand when we met, and gazing into my eyes would fervently express the hope that we might meet in Heaven. I had my doubts about that, both in regard to my own prospects for future bliss and his. It was all well meant, but if those pious souls only knew it, any such effort to shepherd the frisky young lambs of the flock only shoves them farther away from the fold into the more stimulating, congenial society of the goats. One of the solid proofs of the divine origin of our Christian faith lies in the fact that it has survived the treatment received from many of its untrained, tactless advocates.

In my judgment, the State of Iowa is one of the best States in the Union. It has no picturesque natural scenery; it is exposed winter and summer to the extremes of both heat and cold; it suffers periodically from those frightful, devastating storms known as cyclones. It has never in all its history had anything especially dramatic to be recorded, such as one finds in the annals of Massachusetts and New York, Virginia and California. Yet for all that it is a remarkable State.

The men and women who came to it in the early days were compelled to live meagerly, to face hardships, and to suffer many deprivations. But they had that fine, reliable stuff in them out of which any sound social order must be built. They were, almost universally, industrious, thoughtful, self-reliant, law-abiding, God-fearing people, intent upon showing themselves upright, useful citizens. They were also intent upon educating their children and training them in turn for worthy lines of life. The air we breathed upon those wide prairies was, in more senses than one, pure air. I am grateful that my own boyhood was spent in an atmosphere so altogether favorable for a wholesome development.

· II ·

COLLEGE

WHY go to college? "It will take four or more of the best years of my life," the young man says. "While I am attending lectures and taking notes, playing games and practising the college yell, other fellows will be learning their way about in the business world and laying foundations for prosperous careers. Can I afford the time?"

More than that, with the hordes of young people now thronging the campus, there has come to the minds of the mature a big question as to whether it is a wise investment of time and money for most of them. When they graduate and go forth, with their diplomas awkwardly tucked away somewhere out of sight, the great majority of them fumble the ball. It takes some time for them to get the stride of those who are already living real lives and doing the main part of the world's work untrammelled by those fantastic caps and gowns. Why go?

Horace Greeley, one of the shrewd journalists of his day, used to say, "Of all horned cattle, college graduates are the most dangerous." We are frequently reminded by "hard-headed, practical men," as they like to call themselves, that Washington and Lincoln, Benjamin Franklin and Thomas Jefferson were not college graduates. But it did not please the Lord to make Lincolns and Franklins when he made most of us—a little extra schooling for us may not come amiss. And those men, with all their exceptional ability, did not have to compete with college-trained men, as the young fellow in these days is compelled to do. College men in ordinary life *were* as scarce as hen's teeth; now there are three under every log. In law and in medicine, in engineering and in banking, in the administration of large business enterprises and in political life, in teaching and in the ministry, the young man has to meet and try conclusions with those who have received the best the university can give.

And it might be added (when we are listing names of distinction) that of the last six men who have lived in the White House, five of them were graduates respectively of Harvard, Yale, Prince-

ton, Amherst, and Stanford. The remaining one, who was not a college graduate, did not in his brief administration reflect such honor upon his high office as to cast any aspersion whatever upon the value of college training.

Any young man who aspires to leadership would better go to college and stay there until he graduates, if he can, by any reasonable outlay of effort and sacrifice, compass it. "Systematic training counts everywhere, from a prize fight up to being a bank president or a bishop." My father and mother, neither of them a college graduate, felt that it would be wise for me to add to my modest stock of ability whatever training a college would yield.

I had to earn a good part of the money for my college course, and all of it for the three and a half years of graduate theological study. That experience was altogether wholesome. The boys who are "sent to college" are exposed for four years to an education, but in many cases it does not "take"—they show themselves immune. The boys who "go to college" with a definite purpose in command, and many times under their own steam, have a way of making the better showing, generally speaking, in the years which lie ahead.

It was a day of small things in the University of Iowa, where I matriculated. There were only six hundred students, and that included the departments of law, medicine, and dentistry. The State was new, it was made up of farming communities—to this day there are no large cities in Iowa—and the legislature was composed mainly of men who had their doubts as to the value of higher education. They had never received any college training, yet here they were, sitting in the halls of power! How natural it was for them to look with cautious eyes upon any proposal for generous appropriations to the State University! The President and his faculty in those days had to make bricks, not entirely without straw, but with a scant supply of it.

The whole department of modern languages, for example, was comprised within the person of a single individual. He was born in Germany and was naturally familiar with his native tongue. He had learned to read French. Beyond that the less said the better, for he has long since been gathered to his fathers. When the President proposed to add another man to the department of modern languages, this professor made a huge outcry to

the effect that they were "dividing his chair into two stools of French and German," whereas he was abundantly able to teach both.

The entire department of English was made up solely of one gracious, kindly, cultured woman who had graduated from that University and who, having remained unmarried, had read a great deal. She was there by her own unaided powers to introduce a body of college students to the literary treasures which have been deposited in the language used by Shakespeare. Needless to say, the task had to be left largely to our own undirected efforts in reading good literature during the college course and in the years that followed. When we graduated, some of us were not much further along than was that earnest soul from the Hoosier State who was asked if he liked this "dialect poetry." He replied with deep feeling, "Yes, I like it. I think our own James Whitcomb Riley is all right but I read some the other day by a fellow named Chaucer, and I think he carries it altogether too far."

We did have a few great teachers. Amos N. Currier in Latin was one of the finest instructors I have ever known. He was a graduate of Dartmouth

and brought to that college on the prairies the best traditions of New England learning and culture. His very presence and his whole method in the class-room were a challenge and a stimulus. I enjoyed Latin, and I had seven full years of it in the Academy and in college. During the last year, he had us reading Pliny's *Letters* and Seneca and Quintilian at sight. It was something like a cold shower bath for a young chap to be called up before the whole class and have a volume of Latin, which he had never seen, put into his hands with the request that he translate it right off the bat and point out anything unusual in the construction as he went along. We did it, awkwardly at first, but better and better under Currier's skilful guidance, as the weeks passed. It gave me a more competent knowledge of that language than I have of any other save my own tongue.

At one time the members of the class were translating at sight Latin proverbs and phrases which had become more or less current. The professor told them that they were at liberty to give a free, idiomatic translation, which would preserve the original sense of the saying, even though it did not represent a literal rendering of the exact words

used. One man came to "Facilis descensus Averni." With a sudden burst of inspiration, he rendered it, "Going down hill is easy, the hell of it is to get back." This was "free and idiomatic," but hardly accurate enough for a class-room exercise.

We had Samuel Calvin and Thomas H. MacBride in geology and biology. They were true scientists, and they introduced us to the marvelous records written in the rocks and to the wonders of unfolding life. Organic evolution, as a cosmic method according to which things have come to be as they are, was just showing above the horizon. Charles Darwin's *Origin of Species* and *The Descent of Man* had been published only a few years before—he was still living and writing when I entered college.

I shall never forget the thrill I had the first time I looked through a real laboratory microscope and saw an amœba carrying on its processes of motion, nutrition, and reproduction in its own primitive fashion. Calvin and MacBride, "the stone and bug men" as we called them, were both capital teachers, and they showed us a new heaven and a new earth, having in them more of the glory of God, as the author and giver of life, than we had ever

dreamed of. Dr. MacBride came to be President of the University of Iowa in his later years, and the beautiful friendship he showed me has been a precious possession for a full half-century.

It was a very humble affair, the college of my day, when contrasted with the splendid institution which has since developed there in Iowa City. But I am profoundly grateful for the permanent deposit which it made in my life. I read a lot—much more than does the ordinary student in these days, because there were not so many “extra-curricular activities” (as they are called, in an imposing phrase which sounds much grander than it really is) bidding for our time and for such brains as we had. Up to that time I had lived all my life on a farm, where books were not plentiful and where we had no public library on which I could draw. When I first entered the college library and was allowed to go into “the stack,” I felt as if I had reached Heaven. I wanted to read all the books; and I did read a great many in those years of privilege. I heard Dr. Frank W. Gunsaulus once say, “I have not read anything to speak of since I was thirty, nor have I forgotten anything I read before I was thirty.” He did not intend this to be

taken literally; but in vivid phrase he suggested the value of wide reading in the days of one's youth, before the evil days come or the years draw nigh when the chance for quiet, leisurely, long-continued companionship with good books is thrust aside by the thousand and one things which lay violent hands upon a mature man's time and strength.

When a boy goes to college, he is taught by three sets of instructors, the members of the faculty, the libraries and laboratories, and his fellow-students. I am not sure but that the third set exercises the most potent and lasting influence upon his life. At that time the classes were small, and the students came to know one another intimately. It meant a great deal to touch elbows and brains with such men as Harvey Ingham, for many years editor of the *Iowa State Register* in Des Moines; with Irving B. Richman, who came to a place of distinction as a writer of history; with Bohumel Shimek, the child of Bohemian immigrants, who has made his mark in natural science; with Norris Brown, later a United States Senator from Nebraska; with Frank O. Lowden, one of the best Governors the State of

Illinois ever had, who in 1920 all but received the Republican nomination for President of the United States!

The university, being a State institution, required military drill three hours a week from all of its male under-graduates. My own interest in infantry tactics was rather overshadowed by my love of music, and in my Sophomore year I was transferred to the College Band, in which I played for the rest of my course. In those days the joy of marching down Clinton Street playing a stirring march or a lively quickstep, with a fringe of admiring friends of the fairer sex looking on from the sidewalk, lifted me to a very high level of personal satisfaction. And although fifty years have passed since I did it for the first time, the sight and the sound of Sousa's Band playing similar airs, very much better than we played our tunes, brings back the same old thrill.

My proficiency in Latin led to my being engaged while I was in college as tutor for a young Roman Catholic priest, who was expected, as a part of his professional training, to be able to speak the language of Cicero and Horace. His cordial friend-

ship and the more intimate knowledge (into which that task brought me) of the inner life of a candidate for orders in that ancient and influential communion yielded me a rewarding experience.

I had learned shorthand with the hope that it would enable me to earn money to carry on my studies in law and with the thought that it might be useful in taking notes of the evidence in the actual trial of cases. During my Senior year, I was employed by Chancellor Emlin McLain of the Law School, who was writing a legal treatise which is found to-day in all first-class law libraries. He dictated the pages of that book to me and he gave me generously of his own friendly interest.

I was only twenty when I graduated—altogether too immature to have anything like a just appreciation of the privileges there brought within hailing distance. The boy who enters rather than leaves college at nineteen or twenty will in nine cases out of ten get much more out of it. He will bring to the various disciplines provided that larger measure of maturity which will enable him to profit by his college life as the youngster, who constantly wonders what it is all about, cannot be expected to do. I was twenty-three when I entered the Theo-

logical School in Boston, and my three years there yielded vastly more for my personal development and training than did all the experiences connected with my college course.

· III ·

BUSINESS

TWO days after my graduation from college, I entered the law offices of Sweeney, Jackson and Walker in Rock Island, Illinois, as a clerk. My employ as a stenographer yielded me food, raiment, and shelter, while I was allowed the use of my spare time in reading law as a preparation for the course in law school which would come later. I was learning my way about in the outskirts of the profession. I wrote letters for the members of the firm, spent long, dull hours on a set of abstract books which they kept and from which I made many abstracts of title, wrote out deeds and mortgages according to prescribed forms, and made "fair copies" of wills which had been dictated to me by one of the attorneys.

In those days there were no official reporters in the courts of that district. When the attorneys felt that there was a likelihood of having a case

appealed, they employed their own stenographer to make a verbatim report of the testimony and to prepare a transcript of the evidence upon which the case could be carried up to a higher court.

The first time I appeared in court in that capacity gave me both a thrill and a period of very exacting labor. The men in the firm I served were attorneys for the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad. One of the trains had killed the wife of an Irishman at a grade crossing. The husband had sued the road for five thousand dollars, which was then the limit of damages allowed in that State for the taking of a life. The defense of the road was that, although the engineer had sounded his whistle, rung his bell, and slowed down his train, taking all the necessary precautions, the woman, in a state of alleged intoxication, had deliberately walked upon the track just ahead of the approaching train, and by her own "contributory negligence" had lost her life.

The plaintiff had subpoenaed all his friends, neighbors, and Irish compatriots to prove that the lady had never been known to be "under the influence." These witnesses felt that a wealthy corporation, after killing the poor man's wife, was

seeking to do their fellow-countryman out of the damages to which he was justly entitled because of the criminal carelessness of the road. When those witnesses were on the stand being cross-examined, they became very much excited. They talked loud and fast with an abundance of Irish brogue. For a young stenographer, who had taken his oath to report the testimony "accurately and truthfully," to get all that down in readable black and white, was nothing less than an ordeal. The case was tried in the hot month of August, and it lasted for days. When my task was accomplished and the case went to the jury, I felt as if I had been melted down into the original protoplasm and would have to be gathered up with a spoon and put together again for a fresh start in my organic life.

Court reporting is much more difficult than making a verbatim report of an address. In the latter case, there is only one voice to be listened to, and the reporter soon catches the speaker's gait and method. In court reporting, there are four sources of utterance in active eruption turning their rapid fire upon the poor shorthand man—the witness on the stand, the attorneys on either side, and the judge on the bench. The witness is the only one of

the four who is under oath "to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." The judge's rulings are supposed to be in accordance with the law. But the free, unstudied output of eloquence by the lawyers on both sides,—their questions, which are often "leading," their comments on the testimony, and their bolstering up of weak spots in the evidence,—may be and often is very impressive to the jury, but it is not in any sense to be regarded as "evidence." Woe to the court reporter who in his transcript mixes up the utterances of the four independent sources! I am not writing a book for the legal profession, but as the result of those months spent in the law courts, I have thoughts in my heart as to the methods and value of "trial by jury."

I have used my shorthand during all these forty-odd years, taking notes of lectures in Theological School and of other lectures and addresses where I wanted to preserve the man's exact words; making marginal notes and comments in the books I read; preparing my own sermons, lectures, and addresses; and writing my twenty-nine books which have come from the press. It is a useful accomplishment for any man in professional life.

I have used it for so many years that I write it as naturally as I do longhand and with almost ten times the speed. I have written at the rate of one hundred and eighty-seven words per minute in a test, with one man reading to me and another man sitting by watch in hand. I wish that shorthand might be taught in the public schools to all boys at least who have in mind any line of employment where it would be an advantage.

The last bit of professional reporting I did was in 1892 at the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Omaha, which lasted just a month. Three of us made a verbatim report of all the debates and proceedings on the floor of the Conference and prepared it for the press. It was printed in full the next morning in the *Daily Advocate*. We had to be experts, because the discussions for the most part were lively, and it was an advantage that all three of us were familiar with Methodist phraseology. The General Conference provided for all our traveling expenses to Omaha and return, entertained us at a good hotel, and paid each one of us ten dollars a day, which at that time seemed to us very generous compensation.

I was also employed for more than a year in

the law offices of Davison & Lane in Davenport, Iowa. James T. Lane had been for many years a Federal District Attorney. He was a lawyer of distinction and a warm-hearted Christian gentleman whose generous friendship I greatly prized. His son, Joe R. Lane, the junior member of the firm, was afterward a Congressman from that district. The members of the firm were more than good to me, and my contacts with them furnished an experience which I have gratefully cherished in my memory ever since.

During those two years I had been having it out with myself as to what my life-work was to be. I had graduated from college fully intending to become a lawyer and go into politics and perhaps be sent to Congress, if the weather proved favorable and the wind was right. That privilege shone in my eyes at that time with rather more luster than would be the case to-day. But little by little I came (rather reluctantly, to be quite frank about it) to feel that it was my duty to enter the Christian ministry. I had a great many misgivings as to my personal fitness for such a calling and as to the joys to be found in that vocation. But for some reason I could not get away from the sense of obligation.

When I had finally made up my mind, I turned at once to a form of employment more remunerative than that of a law clerk on part time, in order to earn some additional funds for my divinity course.

I worked for fifteen months in the home office of the Hawkeye Insurance Company of Des Moines. The President of the company was E. J. Ingersoll, a relative of the well-known Agnostic, Robert G. Ingersoll. His religious opinions were much like those of his more renowned kinsman. The Secretary of the company, "the next in command," was Adam Howell, an old-fashioned, conscientious, devout Methodist. I worked with them both as a stenographer, and with other officers of the company, with all of whom my relations were very pleasant. When I had been there long enough to learn something of the methods of fire insurance, I was entrusted with certain duties, like passing upon applications for insurance, and other matters more important than the mere writing of letters. When I felt that I had saved enough of money to undertake three years of theological training, I gave due notice that at a certain date I expected to terminate my engagement with the company.

The morning after my letter went in, Mr. Inger-

soll came out into the larger room where my desk was and asked me to come to his private office. When we were alone, his first word was, "You don't want to spoil a good insurance man, Brown, to make a poor preacher." At that time I had more faith in the accuracy of the latter half of his characterization than in the first. He then proceeded to indicate their plans for my advancement in the company. They had already increased my salary generously without my having made any such suggestion; and they had shown their regard in other ways. He talked to me for an hour trying to bring me to his way of thinking.

When he found that I had made a final decision, he took my hand warmly and said, "Well, we need preachers! You may think it strange, but I give a hundred dollars a year to each of two churches of different denominations, although I never go to any church. If you are going to be a preacher, I hope you will be a good one." I never saw him again after I left the office a month later. He has long since gone to his reward—I certainly trust that it is "reward," for with all his eccentricities of belief, he was a just man with a great, warm heart.

I have been thankful all my life for that three-

year interim in my "schooling." The boy who goes directly from preparatory school into college, and then at once into some professional school, often shows himself, when he finally graduates, so entirely "academic," in the unhappy sense of that term, that the busy, practical world seems to "have no use for him." It is well for him to brush against men who are not college professors. He needs to break entirely away from the campus "patois" and speak the language of everyday life in which the great main business of the world is being transacted. To the young parson, who is peculiarly liable to become "detached" and "remote" in his modes of thought and expression, these wider contacts early in his career are invaluable. More than that, it is good for him to find out through close, personal contacts how much unordained and unrecognized goodness there is in these men of secular pursuits before ever he begins to feel his "cloth." When the time comes for him to stand in his pulpit, he will be able to preach to them all the better because of this added knowledge.

• IV •

DIVINITY SCHOOL

I CAME east for my theological training, contrary to the advice of all my elders and betters at home and in the ministry. Born in the South and brought up in the Middle West, I felt that I needed another sort of environment and the chance of seeing the life of our country from a different angle. I entered the School of Theology in Boston University in the fall of 1886.

It was located on Mt. Vernon Street, Beacon Hill, Boston. From the upper stories of the dormitory (which we called "the Monastery") we could look out upon Boston Common and at the gilded dome of the State House, at the huge square tower of Trinity Church, where Phillips Brooks was preaching every Sunday, at Bunker Hill Monument, and at the tower of Memorial Hall in Harvard.

When I first looked out upon it all, I felt as if

I had been taken up into a high mountain, not by the devil but by some angel of the Lord—William Fairfield Warren perhaps, who is with the angels now, deservedly so, as all who knew him would say with ready confidence—and shown all the kingdoms of this world and the glory of them. Let the light-hearted critics prattle as they will, Boston is Boston! Any man who has ever lived there for a period of years and says that he is not glad to go back and breathe that air again, is a heathen man and a publican, and the truth is not in him!

When the theologs, a hundred or more of them, assembled in the Chapel on the opening day of the term, the Dean told us that it would be necessary for us to “pair off,” as all but two or three of the rooms in the dormitory were double rooms. Many of the boys had come in small groups from certain colleges where they had known each other, and they were already mated. I had never laid eyes upon any one in the place, professor or student. I stood detached, as Adam did in the Garden of Eden, when he had seen and named all the other animals, but had not yet been introduced to Eve.

I saw a pleasant-looking fellow with dark hair and brown eyes sitting over at one side. I looked

him over from a safe distance, and then went to him and said, "Where are you from?" He looked up with that smile, which has been an asset to him through all the years of his successful ministry, and replied, "West Virginia." I told him that it was my birthplace but that I had come from the University of Iowa. Then we stood looking each other over in cautious appraisal, like two strange dogs in some chance encounter on the street, sniffing at each other without committing themselves either to friendliness or hostility. We seemed to reach about the same conclusion at the same moment, and without further parley, Lewis A. Core and I decided to room together.

We lived together in the close intimacy of "The Monastery" for the whole three years with never an unpleasant word between us and with an ever-deepening feeling of joyous friendship. I count my intimate association with him as one of the good Providences of my life. When he graduated, he went to India as a missionary of the Methodist Church, and for full forty years rendered a noble, unselfish, efficient service to the cause of Christ in that wide and needy land, now torn by dissension and strife. He served at Moradabad, Allahabad,

Lucknow, Bareilly, and other mission stations of his church.

When we traveled in India three years ago, we found that his praise was upon the lips of all who knew him and the benediction of his influence lay upon many a home and many a heart, like a hand of healing. When he returned on his furloughs he and his wife and children visited us in California and in Connecticut. We also visited them in their home in Budaon, India, where he rounded out his forty years of faithful service, returning six months later to spend the rest of his life near his three children, who are happily married and living in California. We have kept up that same friendship through all these years. May the blessing of the Lord rest upon him richly!

As students in that school of the prophets, our life did not consist in the abundance of the things we possessed. We were nearly all of us dismally poor. It would not have been quite true to say, "Silver and gold have we none," but we did not have enough of it to imperil our souls. We could read that passage of Scripture which portrays the parallel efforts of the camel to go through the eye of a needle and of the rich man to enter the kingdom of

heaven, without the slightest misgiving. We were never tempted to "waste our substance in riotous living."

We had brought very little money with us, and we were strictly "on our own." I had come through from Iowa with none of Mr. Pullman's comforts—I sat up for two whole nights in a day-coach rather than encroach upon my modest savings by paying for a berth in the sleeper. This was the usual experience of all divinity boys in those days. To save street-car fare, we often walked from Beacon Hill to Harvard Square (some three miles) to hear some noted preacher in Appleton Chapel or to listen to Alexander McKenzie, who was then the outstanding minister in Cambridge. We walked to the South End to hear Edward Everett Hale, and indeed we walked pretty much all over Greater Boston. We had to consider the nickels, or go bankrupt.

The generous subsidies for needy young men in preparation for the Christian ministry, now being so freely offered in many such schools—not always to the benefit of the recipients nor for the good of the churches for whose leadership those men are being trained—were no part of the régime at

Boston University. I have my doubts as to the wisdom of subsidizing so many of these aspirants for professorial and ministerial honors, in the various graduate schools. Where "the way that goeth upward" is made too easy, it does not go upward.

The rigid economy we practised and the heroic efforts we made to earn money on the side, or in the vacations, seemed to many of us at the time "grievous," but "afterward" they worked out (I am sure) "the peaceable fruits" of a more robust, dependable manliness.

The fact that I had to work my own way through the University has given me a fellow feeling for all young people who are doing the same thing in these days when college training costs twice or three times as much as it did when I got mine. It has been a pleasure to reach out a friendly hand now and then (with something in it) to boys and girls who are traveling that same rugged road of self-support in getting an education. For a good many years, I have usually had at least four college students under my wing, giving to each one a bit of help while he was learning to fly.

It has also been my privilege as Dean of the

Yale Divinity School to enjoy that same friendly relation with many of my younger brother ministers who were working their way. They were headed for a profession which does not offer any large opportunity for financial gain and were therefore desirous of graduating without too large a handicap in the shape of college debts. The boys have written me letters which I read over on "Blue Mondays," when I am conscious of having failed to pitch the ball over the plate the day before. Their words are far and away beyond my deserts, because here as everywhere, one finds that "it is more blessed to give than to receive."

"Who cares for the burden, the night and the rain
And the long, steep, lonesome road,
When at last through the darkness a light shines plain,
When a voice calls 'Hail' and a friend draws rein,
With an arm for the stubborn load!
For life is the chance of a friend or two,
This side of the journey's goal."

The School of Theology in Boston University was not well endowed at that time. The Faculty was small and modestly paid, but we had some great teachers who put upon us an impress which will be found there in the day of judgment. President

Warren himself permanently enriched us by his course on Comparative Religion. Mitchell, "The Little Rabbi" as we affectionately dubbed him, taught us the Old Testament until we felt as if we had known "Yahweh" from our youth up. Buell held up the Greek Testament before our eyes until we looked through it and saw the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ. Sheldon guided us with scholarly judgment and keen insight through the winding paths of church history. Townsend taught us the fine art of sermonic construction and delivery. Borden P. Bowne, one of the most stimulating and arresting teachers I have ever known, gave us a firmer grounding in our philosophy. The days we spent with those men were days of the Lord. The ministry of hundreds of students, who passed through their classes to go out into every quarter of the globe, was strengthened and enriched for all time by what they gave.

The Boston pulpit during those years was in itself a liberal education for divinity students. Phillips Brooks, the greatest of them all, and Leighton Parks were preaching in two of the leading Episcopal churches. George A. Gordon, Samuel E. Herrick, and Alexander McKenzie for the Con-

gregationalists! A. J. Gordon and George C. Lorimer, Philip S. Moxom and O. P. Gifford for the Baptists! Edward Everett Hale, James Freeman Clarke, Brooke Herford, and Cyrus Bartol for the Unitarians! John W. Hamilton, afterward a bishop, for the Methodists!

What an appeal they made to us as young ministers "in waiting"! I had grown up in a region where prairie wolves were more common than prophets, and it had never dawned on me that there could be such preaching anywhere. I feasted on it, attending church as a rule twice every Sunday and often three times, if there was something particularly good at an afternoon service. Very fortunately, as I think now, I did not have a "charge" where amateur preaching might be done in order to earn money to meet term bills. I was free on Sunday to hear the great preachers. And in addition to the men named above, most of the leading New York preachers, Henry Ward Beecher, Richard S. Storrs, John Hall, William M. Taylor, Theodore Cuyler, and others, were heard in Boston pulpits while I was there in school.

It was my good fortune to hear Phillips Brooks preach almost every Sunday for three years. His

sermons were filled with sensible, Scriptural, helpful ideas. He was at home in the world's great literature. His diction had in it always dignity and grace. Even so, those who never heard him preach do not often find his published sermons attractive.

His delivery of them had in it none of the studied, prearranged tricks of the elocutionist. He never tried for a moment to be what the thoughtless call "a pulpit orator." His utterance was so rapid that the words came pouring out at the rate of two hundred a minute or more, to the despair of all stenographers. But it was wonderful preaching—I can feel the tingle and the inspiration of it yet, though it is thirty-eight years since he died.

The power of his uttered word lay in the fact that there before our eyes, as we sat listening, was a great, beautiful soul. He was a man of God, a lover of his fellows, a benign, sympathetic spirit reaching out a hand of friendliness to lift us up. The truth was finding its way out through the medium of a forceful, radiant, winsome personality. "Deep calleth unto deep!" The best there was in him was calling out to the best there was in us—and that is real preaching. It is "the communi-

cation of truth through personality," according to his own definition of preaching given in his Lyman Beecher Lectures at Yale.

It was his custom to conduct a Bible class for young men at Trinity Church on every Saturday night during Lent. From his pulpit, he extended a cordial invitation to "any students away from home" who might like to come. I was a member of that Lenten Bible class during the whole three years. On Easter Monday in each year he invited all who had been attending the class to his home on Clarendon Street, where we had the privilege of meeting him more intimately and of seeing the study where he worked and the home where he lived his noble, beautiful life.

Every winter there was an "Authors' Reading" in Boston for the benefit of the International Copyright Fund. It was held always in the old Boston Museum on Tremont Street, with its moth-eaten collection of stuffed birds in the foyer. This was for the benefit of pious souls, who in that mid-Victorian period still felt that the theater was a wicked place. But if they could take the children to see the stuffed birds first, as a preparation for

the *matinée*, they could pass on into the theater itself with the load of guilt upon their tender consciences somewhat lightened.

At those successive "Authors' Readings," I heard some thirty of the leading writers of that period—Oliver Wendell Holmes, who read "The Last Leaf," John Greenleaf Whittier, James Russell Lowell, Charles Dudley Warner, William Dean Howells, Frank Stockton, George W. Cable, Julia Ward Howe, and Mark Twain, who read his sketch on "New England Weather"! Boston happened to be putting on that very afternoon an unusually nasty performance in the brand of weather offered, and the audience all but rolled on the floor with amusement over the fun he made of it.

Here, as in college, the contact with my fellow-students was in the highest sense educative as well as enjoyable. Charles E. Jefferson, for more than thirty years pastor of Broadway Tabernacle, New York; George A. Coe, who came to stand in the very front rank of teachers of religious education; Doremus A. Hayes, an inspiring teacher of the New Testament for many years at Northwestern University, one of the most spiritually-minded men I have ever known; and many others of less renown

perhaps, but with a capacity for interesting, stimulating friendship which was most rewarding!

During my first year, we had a "North End Band," which went to that section of Boston where Satan had his seat in those days. He was operating rum-shops, gambling dens, dives, houses of infamy, and all the rest. We marched through the streets, about thirty of us, singing like the Salvation Army, which was just then coming into notice. After a brief open-air service on the corner, we went into the North End Mission for an Evangelistic service. I preached my first sermon one Sunday night in that Mission from the text, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." It was a very poor affair, judged by even the most lenient standards of homiletic art. It came, however, from my heart, and the sense of high privilege in doing it gave me such a feeling of gratitude that I fairly ran all the way back to The Monastery from sheer joy over God's goodness in putting me into the Christian ministry. When I came up over Beacon Hill I heard the morning stars singing together and the sons of God shouting for joy—and I shouted with them.

While I was not in charge of any church during

my course, I supplied the pulpit of a small Congregational church in the town of Plympton, Massachusetts, for the four months of vacation during each of the two summers.

It was a small town, off the railroad, with but one church. It was only seven miles from Plymouth. I had in my congregation Miles Standish, a direct descendant of the original Miles who wanted to marry Priscilla Mullins but failed to go about it in the right way, and Miss Emma Alden, a direct descendant of John Alden, who did marry the fair Priscilla because he spoke out for himself—and many others who traced their ancestry back to those worthy people who came over in the *Mayflower*. Plympton was only a short distance from Plymouth Rock, and those good friends had never gotten any further out into this wicked world than those few miles represented.

My Western accent, my Methodist fervor, my unconventional manners, and the sad lack of what they had been trained to expect in the way of “clerical dignity” all combined to make me a nine days’ wonder, and at first, to some of the more staid, a source of irritation. But as time went on, they seemed to feel that I had the root of the matter

in me, even though that "heavenly treasure" was hidden away in a very odd kind of "earthen vessel." Then they took me to their hearts, giving me loyalty and love in such measure as to make both of those summers thoroughly delightful and in a very real sense educative.

In addition to my three years in Boston University, I had half a year of study in Harvard Divinity School. It was good to breathe the air of Cambridge and to feel myself a part of the oldest (and perhaps the greatest) of our American universities. The emphasis in that Divinity School in those days was more upon theological scholarship with a view to teaching, than upon the actual work of preaching in the churches. Yet they had some very stimulating men on the faculty. There were C. H. Toy, with whom I had a course on Semitic Religion, and Joseph Henry Thayer, author of the best dictionary of New Testament Greek to be found anywhere, with whom I studied the Pauline Epistles, and Francis G. Peabody, professor of Christian Morals, who both by precept and example has done so much for all who would know the method and spirit of the Master or who would undertake to preach His Gospel. It was a rare

group of men and when we sat in their class-rooms, we sometimes saw the heavens open and the angels of God ascending and descending upon high errands.

I graduated from the School of Theology in Boston in June, 1889, and my dear mother came on from Iowa for the occasion. When she sat in the balcony of Tremont Temple that day looking down upon her boy and upon the fulfilment of one of her dearest hopes, the thoughts of her mind and the meditations of her heart were probably too sacred for words. It meant everything to me to have her there, conscious as I was of what her beautiful Christian devotion had contributed to my own unfolding.

Then less than a week after my graduation, I had a "call." The Presiding Elder on the Cincinnati District had died suddenly and the Resident Bishop had appointed the pastor of Wesley Chapel, Cincinnati, to take his place. This left Wesley Chapel without a minister. The Elder telegraphed to Boston asking for a graduate of the Theological School to supply that pulpit until Conference met the following September. The Dean recommended me, and in a few days I was on my way to stand

before a congregation of people, who had never seen nor heard me, as their minister.

Although I was still in debt for a part of my education, I had planned to go to Europe that summer. Two of us had been reading Lee Meriwether's *Europe on Fifty Cents a Day*. Meriwether seemed to have gotten so much enjoyment, enlargement, and inspiration from such a modest financial outlay that we felt that we too might have (as a prelude to our active ministry) a brief journey in foreign parts. We were going over on a cattle ship, working our passage, and we intended to make it very much of a "tramp trip" through England and Scotland, with a hasty skirting of the nearest fringe of the Continent. But when the opening at Cincinnati came to me unsought, I felt that it was more important for me to go to work than to go abroad. I therefore accepted cheerfully the appointment in Cincinnati.

. V .

MY FIRST CHURCH

THE ministry is not a money-making profession. Whenever you find a wealthy minister, you know at once that it is either patrimony or matrimony. The man either inherited it or he married it—he never earned it in his own calling. This church to which I had been invited was made up almost entirely of people in very modest circumstances. My salary for the first year was a thousand dollars, with the privilege of living in a portion of the parsonage. I was unmarried at that time. For the second year, it was eleven hundred and for the third year twelve hundred dollars. Those annual increases gave me a certain sense of promotion, but it was not sufficiently rapid to make me financially dizzy.

Even so, there were not more than half a dozen men in the membership of the church who were earning any more than I was. While the clergyman

does not get rich by his vocation, he does not starve; and if he shows anything like a decent measure of fidelity to his duties, the people of his parish will take better care of him than they are taking of themselves on the average. He will have people in his church who fare more sumptuously every day than he does, but he will have a great many more who are less fortunate. His salary, even though it looks meager oftentimes in the eyes of the world, will be large enough to make him genuinely uncomfortable in many a home which he enters in his pastoral visiting, when he contrasts his own surroundings with those of a good share of his people. The loyal, generous kindness of those people in Wesley Chapel, Cincinnati, made my first real entrance into the work of the ministry a happy one.

It was an interesting city. It was totally different from Cleveland, which stands in the "Western Reserve" and has a strong flavor of New England energy and thrift. There had been a considerable influx from the South after the Civil War, and the warm-hearted, ready hospitality of many of those homes was an importation from Dixie. There was a large German population, especially "over the

Rhine." The familiar question from *The Prince of Pilsen*, "Haf you effer bin in Zinzinnati?" was true to life. The German love of and genius for music had much to do with the famous "Zoo Concerts" at one of the parks, which have continued to this day, and with the "May Festival" in their great Music Hall, when Theodore Thomas came with his splendid orchestra to render the leading symphonies, and the large, well-trained chorus sang the best of the oratorios.

It is a searching hour for any young clergyman when for the first time he stands looking into the faces of his own congregation. There before him are men and women bearing all kinds of burdens and facing all manners of difficulties; young men and maidens whose habits and aspirations are still in the gristle, just taking definite shape; boys and girls who have everything to learn—and to gain or to lose, according to the direction their lives take! They are all there looking up to this young, untried parson for instruction, guidance, inspiration, comfort, courage—in a word, for salvation from all that hurts and hinders.

Any man who can face that and not feel the cockles of his heart warming up and a mighty tug

on his sympathies, must be a wooden Indian, like those garish figures which used to stand in front of the cigar stands a generation ago. He cannot be classified as a human being. If he has even the rudiments of spiritual imagination, the very sight of all that will send him to his books and to his Bible and to his knees, with a stern resolve to do his work in the pulpit a hundred times better than he has been doing it. Wesley Chapel was not an imposing edifice without or within, yet whenever I looked at it, or even thought about it as "my church," I felt as happy as if I had just been appointed Archbishop of Canterbury.

I began as a manuscript preacher—there was nothing else for it. I am constitutionally nervous. When I was preparing for college, the delivery of a five-minute declamation put me into a cold sweat because of my sense of fear and embarrassment. I had very little natural facility in expression. In the college debates, the right words would never come when I was on my feet in the presence of an audience. I knew words, plenty of them, and could have spelled them all, but when I was in the act of speaking, I simply could not drag them from their hiding places.

For several years in my early ministry, I wrote out each sermon in full on a typewriter and took it into the pulpit and read it—oftentimes with not much more animation, I fear, than one would display in reading the minutes of the last meeting. I was scared out of my wits, and nothing but that slender barricade of paper, between me and the congregation, kept me from actually running away.

When I first broke away from that method and tried to learn to preach without a manuscript, I became genuinely apostolic, in that. "I was beaten with rods" of mortification and "suffered shipwreck" again and again. By day and by night, "I have been in the deep," right there in my own pulpit, floundering around for many a bad half-hour, painfully aware that the water was over my head and that I did not know how to swim.

But I kept at it, "in weariness and in painfulness," with backache on Sunday night and headache on Monday morning. In cold chills and in mental nakedness I labored at it, because I believed then, as I believe even more strongly now, that the spoken word of truth, which seems at least to leap from the heart as a thing of life, can be made more useful to any congregation of expectant

people than the much more carefully phrased sermon read from manuscript.

And because of my own struggles, and because of the greater joy and usefulness which I have found in that more direct mode of approach, I make bold to say that almost any man—*almost any man*—can learn to do it, if he is willing to pay the price. Like “the treasure hid in a field,” it takes “all that a man has” to purchase it. The price of the best is always all that a man has.

A bit of personal experience may possibly cheer up some other young parson who is floundering in the slough of despond. He may be wondering whether or not he will ever be able to get his feet on anything solid, if he flings away that weighty manuscript which lies before him on his pulpit. I use the word *weighty* advisedly, because that carefully written pile of paper from which he reads the words of eternal life does oftentimes lie like lead upon his own delivery and upon the patient attention of his weary listeners.

When I was making my earliest attempts in preaching without manuscript, I always took long texts, so that somewhere within the confines of that portion of Scripture I might be able to find ideas

enough to insure my not running out of material. I was preaching one Sunday night in that first church of mine, from these words: "Wherefore, seeing we are encompassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith." I took the whole of it for my text, feeling that I had need of every bit of suggestive Scripture anywhere in sight.

After preaching for exactly eleven minutes, I ran completely out of ideas. I could not think of anything more to say on that particular text, or upon the general subject of the Christian religion. I was ashamed to stop so soon, but I was still more ashamed to keep my mouth going, when I had nothing to put into it. I therefore stopped, announced the closing hymn, and pronounced the benediction, wishing with all my heart that the modest liturgy of that church had contained some form of "recessional," which would have gotten me out of sight in seemly fashion without having to meet anybody.

Some of the officers of the church thought that I must have been taken suddenly ill. They came up to the pulpit to express their solicitude with a beautiful sympathy, which was to me a thing grievous to be borne. I was ashamed to tell them what had happened. But the next day I plucked up my courage and went to the principal man in my church and told him the exact truth. He was a lawyer and he leaned back in his chair and laughed until he almost shook the huge desk in front of him. His name was William G. Roberts, and his noble example, his cordial friendship, and the delightful hospitality of his home, extended to me so freely, were a mighty asset during those years when I was his pastor. He was a royal Christian man, but the unseemly merriment which my recital produced in him almost bowled me over.

When he had recovered his usual attitude of fine consideration for others, he said to me with deep feeling, "Keep right on, Parson! We would rather have eleven minutes of that sort of preaching than half an hour of the other. I would never risk a case in court by taking along a carefully prepared manuscript to be read to the jury. You are appealing for

much more important verdicts than it has ever been my lot to secure. Keep your eyes on the jury and talk right at them."

This was most reassuring, and with the hearty approval and the sustaining patience of my people I kept on. Every such preacher must of necessity sacrifice a great deal in literary finish and in carefully balanced, delicately wrought-out sentences, but he has his compensations which more than outweigh the disadvantages. The people like the courage and frankness of a man who stands up before the target to shoot without a rest.

I am not offering the slightest encouragement to any minister to cease from the useful and necessary habit of writing. During all of my twenty-two years in the pastorate, when I was preaching twice every Sunday, I made it a rule to write out one sermon each week, even though I did not take the manuscript with me into the pulpit. And to this day, I always write a very full outline of every sermon, using all the care and skill I can muster in preparing the introduction, the statements of all the main divisions of the sermon, the phrasing of passages where I wish to be more exact, and the conclusion, for a preacher ought to be just as sure

of a suitable landing place as an aviator. I know in advance all the turns in the course of thought which I mean to follow, with all the principal points of interest clearly noted on my private road map.

This constant habit of writing also helps to save a man from becoming wordy, diffuse, scattering—a sin to which preachers are peculiarly liable because they have to speak so much. It aids him in developing a clear, direct, concise style of speech which is more precious than rubies to any man who makes bold to address his fellow-beings in a service of worship.

In that congregation at Wesley Chapel, most of the boys—and many of the girls—were compelled by financial necessity to go to work even before they finished high school. I organized an evening class of thirty in stenography and taught it myself, for I was expert in those days. Some of them attained such proficiency that they were able to secure lucrative positions by the aid of their shorthand, and to put themselves in the way of further advancement.

I raised money among the men of the church to buy an “Old-Style Gordon” printing-press and

several fonts of type. Under the direction of an experienced printer who belonged to the church, several of the boys in the evenings learned the printer's trade, and we printed in that little office all of the weekly calendars, programs, and tickets used by the church in its ordinary work. This continued for many years.

I had learned to play the cornet in my college days, and I organized a band of ten pieces, some of the boys paying for their own instruments on the instalment plan and others having instruments purchased for them by friends. I led the band myself at first, and we furnished the music for church entertainments, for the Sunday-school picnics, and for other occasions. There were other similar activities included in our church program, such as a class in bookkeeping and a small class in telegraphy for which we had installed two Morse instruments in an unused room in the church.

It was a small church and I had more time for such things than the pastor of a large congregation would have. It helped to make the church a center of interest for those young people, and it aided many of them on the economic side. But the personal contacts with the boys and girls and with the

homes from which they came (into which all those things brought me steadily and intimately) outweighed in value all the incidental gains. In a very modest way, as an awkward young parson, I was undertaking to "become all things to all of them, that by all means I might save some."

I was a Methodist in those days. My father was a member of that church for over sixty years. I had grown up under its influence and had studied for three years in its leading Theological School. I had been ordained as a Deacon by Bishop Stephen M. Merrill and as an Elder by Bishop Randolph S. Foster, while I was a member of the Cincinnati Conference.

I had no quarrel with their theological standards—the twenty-five "Articles of Religion" are phrased in general terms, and a goodly measure of "the right of private interpretation" is accorded to every Methodist minister. I regard the polity of that church as one of the very best which the mind of man has been able to devise. By its itinerant system and method of annual appointments, every minister, broadly speaking, has a church without interruption and every church has a pastor, with none of those discouraging and disintegrating intervals which

come when churches are seeking for new leaders.

I received generous treatment always at the hands of the Methodist officials. It has been a source of gratification to me that, although I changed to another denomination thirty-nine years ago, my former associates in Christian work have maintained for me the same friendly feeling. I have been invited repeatedly to address their Annual Conferences and to lecture in their colleges. Three of the Methodist Universities have conferred upon me honorary degrees, and I have enjoyed the most cordial relations with many of their leaders.

I had the feeling, however, during the years of my ministry in that church, that I did not possess the Methodist temperament to such a degree as to make my work in that branch of the church of Christ as useful or as happy, as would be the case under another régime. Therefore in the fall of 1892 I asked for a letter of transfer, which was cordially granted, and became a Congregationalist, accepting at that time a call to Winthrop Church in Boston.

• VI •

BOSTON AGAIN

IN entering another denomination, it was fortunate for me that my first pastorate in this changed relation was in the city which for well-nigh three hundred years has been the real center of that particular fellowship. It gave me a chance to see and to hear, and in the course of time to know personally, many of the leaders of thought and action in the Congregational body. It brought me at once into pleasant relations with a considerable number of ministers of my own age in that communion. My new friends proved to be true friends; and they made me feel at home among them in a fashion which left nothing to be desired.

When I had been there a little over a year I was elected a member of "The Monday Club." It was made up of a group of twenty or more Congregational ministers of the more liberal type, in and around Boston, who lunched together every other

Monday at Young's Hotel in the enjoyment of a closer fellowship. They also read sermons from time to time, after the table had been cleared, to be criticized by their fellow-members. These sermons were based on passages of Scripture assigned for study in the Sunday-schools of the various churches under the International Lesson System, which at that time was widely used. For the period of full fifty years, these sermons by "The Monday Club" were published in book form by the Pilgrim Press of Boston and were regarded by many Sunday-school teachers as furnishing valuable lesson helps.

When I became a member of this Club I found there such men as Nehemiah Boynton, Dewitt S. Clark, Samuel C. Bushnell, Francis E. Clark, Albert E. Dunning, Charles E. Jefferson, Charles L. Noyes, William E. Barton, and others who became my lifelong friends. The cordial relations I enjoyed with them added greatly to my happiness in casting in my lot for the rest of my days with the Congregationalists.

The Church to which I had been called was located in what is known as Charlestown, made up of Wards Three, Four, and Five in the City of Bos-

ton. It has a sightly location, looking out upon the Charles River on one side and across the Mystic River on the other. In earlier days it had been the home of Frothinghams, Carletons, Morses, Everetts, Feltons, Hunnewells, and Tufts, as well as other well-known Boston families. Thomas Starr King had spent his boyhood there and later had served as pastor of the Universalist Church. For a number of years John Boyle O'Reilly, the Irish politician and journalist, lived there. The "Waverly Magazine" was published in Charlestown for half a century. Five well-known colleges, Harvard, Tufts, Colby, Carleton, and Doane, were founded by and named for citizens of Charlestown.

But the tide of population had turned, and Protestant people were flowing out of that district rather than flowing in. Winthrop Church had been served by such well-known ministers as Abbott E. Kittredge, Joseph E. Rankin, and Alexander Twombly. The change in the general character of the population, however, had reduced the size of the congregation, and there was a feeling of discouragement. When I first entered upon my duties as pastor I had barrels of cold water poured upon me by people who "look always at the dark side"

instead of bravely taking a square look at both sides.

The Committee on Pulpit Supply, which was instrumental in having me called to that church, was made up of Thomas Doane, George Hyde, Louis E. Sweetland, Lydia E. Hapenny, and Hattie E. Todd. They represented various groups in the congregation, and their recommendation of a possible pastor was accepted in a church meeting by unanimous vote. They all came to be warm personal friends and loyal supporters of the new administration.

I found in that church a company of earnest, devoted parishioners—they were as choice and fine a group of Christians as I have ever known anywhere. To them, Winthrop Church was a place where the divine honor dwelt. They were ready at any time to render service and to make sacrifices for its welfare. They seemed to count it all joy to hold up the hands and further the policies of their young pastor, even when some of his opinions and methods clashed with their own preferences and habits of action. They were willing to “prove all things” within reason, and then “hold fast” whatever had shown itself to be “good.” The four years

I spent with them constituted a period of high privilege, which shed its potent influence upon all the rest of my ministry.

The church was only two blocks from Bunker Hill Monument, erected to commemorate the battle between the British troops and the American colonists in 1775. I had the privilege once of walking all around the scene of that battle with Charles Carleton Coffin, who was the war correspondent of the *Boston Journal* during our Civil War and the author of *Boys of '76* and *Boys of '61*. He described in detail the Battle of Bunker Hill, as he had heard it described when he was a boy sitting in his father's kitchen and listening to the conversation of two men who had actually fought in that battle as they discussed the various incidents of that great day. Here was a single life spanning in its own personal recollection the entire distance from 1895 back to those who still survived a battle fought in the summer of 1775, one hundred and twenty years before!

One of the most forceful and interesting men in that church was Thomas Doane, who lived in the house formerly occupied by Oliver Holden, composer of the famous hymn "Coronation." Thomas

Doane was born and bred on Cape Cod and was himself a life-size, full-page illustration of the best traditions of New England life. He was a civil engineer by profession and had been the Supervising Engineer in building the Hoosac Tunnel from North Adams to the other side of the mountain in Western Massachusetts. It is seven miles in length, and when it was built, it was pioneer work. It was one of the earliest long tunnels, ranking with the Mt. Cenis, the St. Gotthard, and the Simplon Tunnels in the Alps.

While Thomas Doane was in charge of the work, a shaft was sunk from the top of the mountain to the level of the tunnel, making it possible to work in both directions from that central shaft and from the two sides of the mountain, thus hastening its completion. So exact was the measurement of the engineers that when the work of excavation from either side of the mountain and from the two sections carried out from the central shaft met, they were only one-third of an inch out of the way on one side and only two-fifths of an inch on the other. As an engineer, Thomas Doane naturally took satisfaction in the exactness of this achievement.

While he was the chief engineer in constructing the Burlington Railway in Nebraska he founded an academy at Crete which later developed into the college which bears his name. When he died, he left a large part of his property, as well as years of devotion and competent service, to Doane College.

At Charlestown I enjoyed the warm friendship of Admiral John W. Philip of the United States Navy, who was then in command at the Charlestown Navy Yard! He was an earnest, devout Christian, constant in his attendance upon the services at Winthrop Church on Sundays and oftentimes at its week-night meetings. He was in command of the *Texas* at the Battle of Santiago de Cuba in the Spanish War in 1898. When the victory had been won and the Spanish ships were sinking, some of the men on the *Texas* began to cheer, but Captain Philip (as he was then) said, "Don't cheer, boys, those poor fellows are dying." When it was all over, he ordered all hands on deck and removing his own cap, he said, "I ask every man here to uncover and give thanks to Almighty God. I believe He had something to do with the winning of this victory." All this was no stage play—in his

case, it was natural, sincere, and entirely in line with the whole manner and spirit of his Christian life.

One of my deacons was a saintly man of God named Stephen B. Wiley. When he looked upon the moral weaknesses of others, he was filled with that charity which "suffereth long and is kind, thinketh no evil, believeth and hopeth all things." In passing upon his own actions, he had a conscience which was searching and rigorous.

He had a draying business. One Saturday afternoon, a customer came to him with the request that he furnish teams and men to haul a cargo of fish (which was to arrive that night) to the cold-storage warehouse on Sunday morning, that it might be kept fresh for the market on Monday. The deacon declined the business on the ground that they did not work on Sunday. But the fish dealer pleaded that the fish would spoil, because they had not been adequately iced, and he would thereby incur a large loss, unless the cargo was moved on Sunday forenoon.

The deacon finally consented, saying, "I will not ask my men to work, but my two sons and I will come over early with our teams and do it for

you ourselves." The dealer was very grateful, and the next morning we missed the deacon from his place in church. When the end of the month came, the fish dealer received his bill for drayage for the preceding thirty days. He brought it to the office himself, saying, "You have forgotten something! You have left out that cargo of fish which you hauled for me in an emergency, saving me a lot of money. I certainly want to pay for that."

"No," the deacon replied, "there is no mistake. There is no charge for that. We do not do business on Sunday. My sons and I did it for you as an accommodation." And he would not take a cent! He was just like that all the way up and all the way down and all the way through. The people of the congregation knew the genuineness of his Christian life, and they sensed the beauty of it. It was an hour of solemn privilege when they saw him moving up and down the aisles of the church on Communion Sunday, carrying the bread and wine of the Sacrament. How fine and true he was!

When I went to Winthrop Church, it had not been their custom for many years to hold a Sunday evening service. The sexton hardly knew how to turn on the gas in the main auditorium of the

church—it was “gas” then. When I discussed with the Deacons my wish to have an evening service, they felt that it would not be feasible, that the people of that community would not attend.

I have always felt that Sunday evening in most churches offers opportunity for a more aggressive outreach. In the morning, we may well instruct, comfort, and inspire the saints, and then at night make an honest effort to touch the unchurched. In our cities there are always workingmen who like to sleep late on Sunday morning and breakfast in leisurely fashion with their families—it may be the only day in the week when they can breakfast with the little children. There are young people who can be more readily interested in an evening service. There are transients and other people, who are often carelessly listed as “religiously indifferent,” who have had about all the Sunday paper and loafing they want when night comes, and an evening service which is alive appeals to them.

I do not favor a moving-picture show or any other kind of “show” on Sunday night—the people surely have all the movies they need on the other six days. I believe that a straightforward service of worship, with the preaching of the

gospel of good news, with plenty of music, both from the choir and by congregational singing, and an atmosphere of human sympathy will in time draw in a constituency which will make that hour in the church week a useful one. I started in at Winthrop Church with a very small evening congregation at first, but we kept it up until the Church was well filled. I am sure it contributed to the growth and usefulness of that church.

With the rashness of youth, I made another innovation. Had I known beforehand how much remark it would occasion in a very thoughtful, conservative New England congregation, I should never have dared to do it. It was my custom to have special Lenten Services every night except Saturday for the two weeks preceding Easter. When I had been there two years, I announced a Good Friday Service in the main auditorium of the Church. I asked to have the chancel draped in black and a large white cross, some fifteen feet in height, placed against that background directly behind the pulpit. One of the deacons, who was a carpenter by trade, made the cross and two of the women covered it with white cloth.

I had not mentioned this publicly and when the

congregation came in that night for the Good Friday service, there was amazement, a goodly measure of silent protest, and then a very gradual and guarded acceptance of the situation. By the time we sang the opening hymn, "When I survey the wondrous cross, on which the Prince of glory died," there was, on the part of most of them, a cautious sense of approval. On Easter Sunday, the black drapery in the chancel had all been removed—the white cross was still there, now surrounded by Easter lilies.

But during the following week, there were murmurings and comments on this unusual action in a church of the Pilgrims. I was told that surely some of the former officers of that church, now sleeping peacefully in the nearby burial ground, must have turned over in their graves several times, if any word of what was going on had been conveyed to them. But the same thing was done again the following year, and however "the dead" may have viewed it—I had no means of ascertaining their attitude—"the quick" felt that the services of Good Friday and Easter had never been any more impressive.

There were nine Protestant churches at that time in the Charlestown District and the Dean of the Chapter was Rev. Philo W. Sprague of St. John's Episcopal Church. He was a man of distinction, with an intelligent, sympathetic interest in the social applications of the teachings of Christ, with a warm, fraternal attitude toward his brother ministers and fellow-Christians of all faiths. We were happy to follow his leadership in the many matters of community interest where the religious forces had a part.

He once arranged a series of Sunday afternoon services in his own church, when ministers of other faiths were invited to speak in turn upon the topic, "For What Does My Church Stand?" The purpose was not controversial but rather to bring out the distinctive contribution which each branch of the Christian Church had made to our total Christianity. The Baptist, Methodist, Congregational, Universalist, and Episcopal ministers all spoke from their respective points of view. Mr. Sprague had also invited representatives of the Roman Catholic and Unitarian churches to participate in the series, but they did not accept. The services were largely

attended, and the atmosphere of a common aspiration and trust was such as to make them a real contribution to the cause of Christian unity.

During my first two years at Winthrop Church, my only sister came to live with me while she completed her course of study in the College of Liberal Arts of Boston University. It was a novel experience. I am nine years older than she is, and I had left home to go to college when she was a little child. While we had seen each other from time to time during the twelve years which had intervened, we had never really become acquainted. Now with some measure of maturity, we were brought together again to find each other out, and to develop an understanding and a deepening affection which has been a source of joy to both of our lives. In the summer of 1894, she and I went to Europe together for two months—a trip of which I shall speak again in a later chapter.

In the autumn of 1896, I was married to Miss Alice Tufts, who after the stable manner of true Bostonians, was still living in the house where she was born. She is a direct descendant of one of the Founders of the Massachusetts Bay Colony and of

Peter Tufts, who settled in Eastern Massachusetts in 1638. This was the family which founded Tufts College in Medford, Massachusetts. It seemed to the young lady an honorable and right-sounding name, and I had to spend a good many hours of persuasion before I could induce her to surrender the name of "Tufts" for such a commonplace name as "Brown." She was a student at Radcliffe College when I first met her. But my coming along and our marriage interfered with her college course so that she did not graduate. The only degree that she has is that of H.M., commonly known as "Holy Matrimony."

The minister's wife has a difficult, delicate rôle. In addition to the care of her own health, peace of mind, and serenity of soul and the care of her home and her husband, she is expected to reach out a friendly hand to all sorts and conditions of interests in and around the parish. Euodias and Syntyche are still not always "of the same mind in the Lord"—and the details of duty which fall upon the Mistress of the Manse are like the sands of the sea for multitude, and sometimes for monotony. How much her husband's growth and usefulness

depend upon her good judgment, wise discretion, social tact, and Christian character! Suffice it to say, in all these respects I have been greatly blessed.

· VII ·

CALIFORNIA

IN the summer of 1896, I received two calls, one from the First Congregational Church of Oakland, California, the other from an attractive church which had just completed a noble house of worship costing half a million dollars in one of the leading cities of Massachusetts. I had learned to love the East during my seven years of residence in Boston, and I had many friends in the old Commonwealth. But the spirit of adventure seemed to outweigh "safety first." I accepted the California call to a church which I had never seen and of which no member of the congregation had ever seen me. We took each other "for better, for worse," in the spirit of moral faith. Like the man of old, in that particular action "we went out not knowing whither we went."

It was a downtown church in that city which looks straight out through the Golden Gate upon

the widest of all the oceans. It was only two blocks from Broadway, the main thoroughfare. We were surrounded by places of business, and in a few years found ourselves next door to the Orpheum Theater, the most popular place of amusement in the city. The church had been organized nearly forty years before and had been served throughout that period by just two pastors, George Mooar and John K. McLean—an unusual record for that restless section of the country.

The two older men were both living, and living in that community, where they were members of the faculty in Pacific Theological Seminary. They were both with me in the pulpit that Sunday when I stood up to preach my first sermon to a congregation where there was only one face that I had ever seen before. The sight and the sense of so much learning, piety, and rich experience there within arm's length, on either side of me as I stood in that pulpit (which had been theirs), was not altogether reassuring to a young dominie preaching his first sermon from the text, "Ye have dwelt long enough in this mountain." It was what the Lord said to the Israelites there at Mt. Sinai on "The value of changes." But when I came to know the

two men, what a difference! Had they been my fathers in the flesh, their kindly consideration, their loyal support given to my endeavors in countless ways, and their generous friendship, could not have been more freely bestowed.

My immediate predecessor had been pastor of that church for twenty-three years, and by the worthy service he had rendered, as well as by the nobility of his character, had enshrined himself for all time in the hearts of the people. He was a graduate of Union College in Schenectady and of Princeton Theological Seminary, and his name was John Knox McLean.

He said to me once, after I had been preaching there for several months, "These people are rather conservative. They have not heard very much about 'higher criticism' or the 'modern historical method of Biblical interpretation' or the 'Andover Theology,' which have been so much in evidence in that region from which you have come. We are pioneers here in this new world, and we have been so busy getting the religious and philanthropic activities under way that I have not seemed to find time to teach them about those movements of thought. But if you are patient, I believe they will follow

you into what I personally regard, so far as I understand it, as a better method of Biblical study and into a more vital interpretation of the great spiritual verities."

This was a brave word of good cheer. As I went along, the people in the pews and the man in the pulpit did not always see eye to eye in their religious opinions. When differences arose and there was need of having oil poured on the troubled waters, my good friend was always there pouring it on with a skilful hand and a generous heart. I cannot put into words how much I owed to him in the earlier days of that pastorate, and on through to the very end.

As the years went on, the church grew in membership, in the reach and grasp of its influence upon the life of the community, in its power of appeal to the unchurched, and in the range and worth of its own activities. It had in it a few wealthy men and women, a goodly number of people in comfortable circumstances, and a great many who were living from hand to mouth, or from head to mouth, for we had many who belonged to what the socialists call in high-sounding phrase "the intellectual proletariat." When I came

away, one of the choicest expressions of appreciation for the work I had been trying to do came in a finely phrased letter signed by one hundred and fourteen public school teachers and principals who had been attending that church.

The great majority of the men were in business, or were employed, across the Bay in San Francisco. We had always a group of men who were active in the political life of the city and of the State. Three different mayors of Oakland, during my pastorate there, were members of my own congregation. We were only twenty minutes' ride on the trolley-cars from the University of California in Berkeley, which soon came to have five thousand, then six thousand, and then nine thousand students. The evening service especially made its appeal to that body of young life. When I looked into the faces of the people who filled those pews and thought of the many points at which they were touching the larger life of that community around the Bay, it gave me always a real challenge.

What royal friends they were! One of my deacons was Edwards C. Williams, born in Northampton and a direct descendant of Jonathan Edwards. He was rather more conservative than his noted

ancestor, and it was no ignorant obscurantism. He knew what he believed and why he believed it. He had taught himself Greek when he was fifty years old, that he might read his New Testament in the tongue in which it was born. He had come to California in 1847 and was a member of the Vigilance Committee which cleaned up the city where political conditions had become intolerable, hung some of the rascals, and gave San Francisco again a government which it could respect.

Judge James M. Haven, who combined legal ability with a lovely, devout spirit! Samuel T. Alexander, whose parents had been missionaries in the Hawaiian Islands, where he had accumulated a substantial fortune in the sugar industry! Warren Olney, one of the leading members of the San Francisco bar, a man of wide reading, with a most thoughtful, discriminating religious interest, and his son Warren Olney, Jr., afterward a judge of the Supreme Court of California! Frederick S. Stratton, a former State senator, the Collector of the Port of San Francisco for many years, a lover of the mountains, taking me with him on fishing trips in the Sierras! Guy C. Earl, a former senator and a regent of the University, a man whose inter-

ests reached out through all the State! Charles Z. Merritt, the son of a home missionary to the Pacific coast, who endeared himself to all who knew him by the qualities of mind and heart he showed in daily life! George T. Hawley, wholesale hardware merchant in San Francisco, who had brought with him the best traditions of the Congregational Church from his former home in Connecticut! Charles S. Lewis, the fine sexton of the church, whose fidelity, good will, courtesy, and regard for cleanliness, orderliness, fresh air, and the comfort of others were so marked! He and I served there together for all those years with never a word nor a look which was not pleasant. For his warm friendship, which has continued to this hour, I am deeply grateful. And scores of others—time and space would fail me to tell of all those “who by faith, wrought righteousness, obtained the promises,” and made the Coast a better place to live in.

When I had been there for several years, I inaugurated a special communion service held at sunrise on New Year’s morning. Instead of burying “the old year” with its failures and blunders in a watch-night service closing at midnight, we faced the future. Before we entered any other building

of any sort, we went to God's house to begin "the new year" there with Him. Before any food or drink had passed our lips, we gathered at His table to receive at His hands the bread and wine of the sacrament. Our first social contacts in that new year were made in the fellowship of our own church. The winters in California are mild, and it was a happy experience to go thus early in the morning through the streets at the very beginning of another year to our own place of worship.

This service began in one of the smaller rooms of the church, but it grew until seven or eight hundred people would gather for that "early celebration." When the service was over, New Year's greetings were exchanged. It was a legal holiday, and there was no pressure of business engagements. Friends would invite friends to breakfast with them; and it came to be one of the happiest seasons of Christian fellowship we had in the whole year.

For many years, I was President of the California Home Missionary Society. It was part of my duty to visit struggling churches in lumber camps and mining towns and among the wide

wheat and fruit ranches. One autumn, I was on my way to Calaveras County, made famous by Bret Harte's stories, to visit the churches at Angels' Camp, Murphy's, Railroad Flat, and other points. There was no railroad into Calaveras at that time and it was before the days of automobiles. We had to stage in, thirty-six miles from Milton.

It was just after the celebration of Admission Day at San Francisco and people who had been drawn to the Bay from all over that section of the State were now returning to their homes. Even though extra stages had been put on, they were crowded to the utmost. I was comfortably seated on top of one of the stages. But after considerable delay, occasioned by the difficulty in finding accommodations for all the passengers, it was found that four people were left over who would have to go in a two-seated surrey, an Italian and his wife (both of them crippled so that they had to be lifted into the surrey) and their son, who had never driven a team of horses in his life, and a middle-aged woman. No one of the four could drive. The manager of the stage line walked up and down asking for some man who was used to

horses to change places with that woman and drive the surrey into Angels' Camp. In that way, all the people could be taken to their destination.

He made his appeal several times in vain, for no one seemed willing to accept the responsibility of driving a strange team over a mountain road for thirty-six miles in the fast-approaching darkness. I was only thirty-seven years old; I had grown up on a farm where I had been used to horses, and I felt that if no one else would, I should. I therefore offered, got down off of the stage, and gave the unattached woman my seat.

The procession started and I brought up the rear with the surrey and the three Italians, two of them crippled and no one of them able to speak a word of English. I kept up for the first eighteen miles, but at the half-way house the stages changed horses. There was no fresh team left over for my surrey, and with a tired team on a steep mountain road, the stages speedily drove off and left me. For the last fifteen miles of the way I was alone on an uncertain mountain road, where it was so dark that I could not see the tails of the horses. They were tired and it was hard to force them along. I felt a keen sense of responsibility for

those two elderly, crippled people on the back seat, who would not have been able to jump to save their lives, had I gotten off the road and gone over the grade, or upset the surrey. I had four anxious hours in covering the last fifteen miles of the trip and I have rarely been more thankful than I was when I finally saw in the distance the lights of Angels' Camp, as we came down the grade on the other side of the ravine.

We were so long getting in that the men at the stables had become anxious about us. When I finally drove up, the manager of the stage line hailed me with delight and called out, "You'll do! I don't know what your business is, but if you can drive a team over that road in the dark and get away with it, come to me any time when you are out of a job, and I'll take you on." I was able to continue in the ministry and never had to avail myself of his offer, but I was as happy as he was that I had been able to do it.

For seven years, while I was in Oakland, I went down to Stanford University on Mondays, giving a one-hour course on the Old Testament for the first half of that time and then a course on "Social Ethics." These were offered as electives, credit be-

ing given as for any other courses. There were about two hundred students in the class each year. I had an assistant to read and mark papers in connection with the monthly quiz. I used to read twenty or twenty-five of the papers each month (selected for me by my reader)—the best, the worst, and any that were distinctive—in order to keep in touch with my students' mental processes. In one class I had an earnest, conscientious Mormon who held to polygamy and accepted all parts of the Old Testament literally, believing that God had physical parts, feet, hands, eyes, ears, and all the rest. He would have put our modern fundamentalists to shame by his super-orthodoxy. He took my entire course, but with all my modern views of Scripture I never budged him from the convictions he had brought with him from Utah.

I had another man who was born and brought up in a mining camp in the Sierras where there had never been a church of any kind. He had never seen a Bible until he came to read one in connection with my course. His reactions, as a young man of twenty in college, to whom the Bible was as new and strange as the Rig Vedas, were most interesting. He was not constrained by any previ-

ously held theories of "verbal" or "plenary inspiration." When I spread the contents of the Pentateuch before him, in neat little piles marked *J*, *E*, *D*, and *P*, he lapped it up as greedily as if it had been fresh milk. I came to know many of those students personally, and it is a joy to meet them now and then in various parts of the country.

The year 1905-6 was an unusually busy one. In addition to my regular schedule of church work (I preached twice every Sunday and made a thousand calls a year and met the other demands of a large parish), I was preparing my first set of Lyman Beecher Lectures on Preaching, to be given at Yale University the following spring. I came back from the delivery of those lectures the last week in March. Having been away for three weeks, I faced an accumulation of extra work. It was in Lent and I had the additional duty of preparing a class of young people for admission to church membership at the Easter communion. I had been promising myself, immediately after Easter, a week or ten days of respite from those strenuous months.

Easter came that year on April 15th. It was a beautiful day around the Bay, and all the churches were thronged. At a quarter past five on the fol-

lowing Wednesday morning came the great San Francisco earthquake! We got up early that morning, and we kept on getting up early for a great many busy, weary months which followed.

We were awakened from sleep when the earth beneath us began to tremble like a leaf in the wind, and it continued to tremble for forty-eight seconds. We felt the shock of it in Oakland quite as much as they did in San Francisco. Brick blocks were destroyed, all chimneys were thrown down, a large stone church on the street where I lived, only two blocks away, was completely wrecked. The books on the shelves of my library were thrown all over the room and dishes in the pantry were scattered about the floor. Pictures swung out from the wall and clattered back as if they had been on some madly rolling ship.

Oakland was not burned. In San Francisco some of the fires, which finally destroyed the larger part of that splendid city, were started by the overturning of cook-stoves and furnaces, but many more by the breaking of electric wires or by the rubbing-off of insulation in the vibration caused by the earthquake. In Oakland the electric current used

for light and for power on the street-cars and elsewhere came by long transmission from a power company in the mountains. The heavy wires which carried the current passed near the tall chimney of the California Cotton Mills. The first shock of the earthquake toppled over that tall chimney so that it fell upon those wires, breaking them instantly and thus cutting off the current from the whole city. We had no fires in Oakland—we were spared the destruction which fell so disastrously upon our sister city across the Bay.

We watched the progress of that terrible fire for nearly three days. The earthquake came early Wednesday morning. Soon volumes of smoke were seen rising from the various parts of the city. San Francisco was burning all day Wednesday and Wednesday night, all day Thursday and Thursday night, and until two o'clock on Friday afternoon, when by the use of high explosives the farther spread of the fire was checked. The earthquake had broken the water-mains and there was no water with which to fight the fire. When the brave, efficient Chief of the Fire Department found that there was no water to be had from the hydrants,

and when he realized what that would mean for the city he loved, he dropped dead from heart failure.

Three hundred thousand people were turned out of their houses and their places of employment in San Francisco, homeless, foodless, with no clothing save what they wore. Many of them took refuge in Golden Gate Park or in other outlying sections, but within thirty-six hours one hundred thousand of them came across the Bay to us. Oakland was then a city of less than a hundred thousand, and our population had more than doubled in a day's time.

We opened our homes, our churches, our halls, our fraternity quarters, that the people might have shelter, for the second night after the earthquake there came a heavy rain. Thousands of people slept on the cushions in our church pews. All the churches were feeding the hungry without charge from six o'clock in the morning until midnight. The women who cooked and served were organized in relays, working in four-hour shifts. The banks did not open for some sixty days after the earthquake because they did not know where the fire, with its destruction of securities and other evi-

dences of value, might leave them. All the money we had for the time was what the men happened to have in their pockets when they went to bed the night of April 17th.

We went back at a single bound to the days of the early Christian church when "no one said that any of the things he possessed were his own, but we had all things in common." It gave me a new sense of the dignity and worth of human nature to see how "all sorts and conditions of men" and women responded to the call of a great emergency, and how courageous those people were, who in many cases had lost everything by earthquake and fire. In all those months, I never heard but one man whine. He was a man the members of whose family were unhurt, and he himself had at least a quarter of a million of dollars in solid securities.

But it was a time of stress and strain. The day before the earthquake, I had weighed one hundred and eighty-three pounds. In six months, I lost exactly thirty pounds without having been sick for a day. It just went! Imperceptibly, unless I happened to step on the scales, under the demands of that exacting service which we were all rendering!

The Sunday following the earthquake I an-

nounced at the morning service in my church Whittier's beautiful hymn which begins "Dear Lord and Father of mankind, forgive our feverish ways." The congregation sang it bravely until they reached the closing stanza:

"Breathe through the heats of our desire
Thy coolness and thy balm,
Let sense be dumb, let flesh retire,
Speak through the earthquake, wind and fire
O still small voice of calm!"

When they came to the last two lines, about half of them broke down and cried, for we were all under a nervous tension. Then they promptly pulled themselves together and sang it with a deeper sense of its meaning than it had ever held for them before.

While the city of San Francisco lay in ashes, Washington Gladden, who was making a trip to the Pacific coast as Moderator of the National Council of the Congregational Church, spent a week at my home. When I took him across the Bay to the top of the hill on California Street, where he looked out upon the ruins of what had been a few weeks before a proud and joyous city, the tears streamed down his cheeks over what he called "the saddest scene I have ever looked upon in my life." The

destruction of all those homes, schools, churches, hospitals and places of employment touched his great, warm heart to the depths.

The "come-back" of those splendid California men and women, who took hold at once to clear away the rubbish and rebuild their city, and the rapidity with which that work of reconstruction was carried along, became the admiration of the whole country. It made us love them more than ever. The State of California, not only in the beauty of its scenery and the charm of its climate, but by a certain quality in its people, makes strong appeal to any open-minded person who has lived there long enough to know what all this means.

I found delightful intellectual fellowship during those years in the Berkeley Club, formed thirty years before by a group of exceptional men: Daniel C. Gilman, in later years the President of Johns Hopkins; Joseph Le Conte, a pioneer exponent in this country of organic evolution; Dr. Samuel Bartlett, who could put the English language together with unusual skill and charm; and George H. Howison, a distinguished philosopher! All of these men I came to know intimately.

The membership was limited to forty men, law-

yers, doctors, engineers, journalists, merchants, manufacturers, college professors, and clergymen. It met every other Thursday night; two of the members would pay for the dinner at some convenient place, and one member would read a paper, almost invariably the best he could bring. Then the members of the club were called upon in turn to discuss it.

They did this with a frankness and a thoroughness which searched out the joints and flaws in the reader's armor. We knew each other too well and respected each other too much to keep back anything because of some fancied convention. This whetting of mind on mind, the clash of wits and the challenge of openly expressed opinions, which were oftentimes poles apart, made the evenings spent at that club delightful and rewarding. Now and then we invited some visitor from the East or elsewhere to take dinner with us and present the paper. Charles W. Eliot, William James, Francis G. Peabody, David Starr Jordan, and other well-known men favored us in this way.

For ten years, I was a member of another stimulating group, the "Ruskin Club." The voting members had to be professed Socialists, but a limited

number of men who were actively interested in social problems were admitted upon condition that they, like regular members, pay for their dinners and read papers when their turns came, even though they could not subscribe to the Socialist creed. I came in by this "half-way covenant." In those days Jack London, Upton Sinclair, Edwin Markham, Herman Whitaker and Robert H. Whitaker, Austin Lewis, an Englishman who had been associated with William Morris, and Frederick Bamford were active members of the group.

When my turn came to present the paper, it usually proved to be a counter-irritant, something like a mustard plaster. It always provoked a lively discussion, and I was willing to be butchered now and then to make a Ruskin holiday. How much depends upon where a thing is said! When I spoke out at the meetings of this Club, I was regarded as so much of a standpatter that they hammered me, courteously always but vigorously. When I uttered the same sentiments next day, at a ministers' meeting perhaps or at a luncheon of the Manufacturers Association, they whispered behind their hands that I was "a dangerous radical," to be frowned upon by all right-minded people.

I respect those sturdy pioneers who are not afraid to stand alone, if need be, in doing battle for what they esteem to be right. They often put the world ahead. But as the years have come and gone, and as I have brushed against many of these "movements for betterment," and heard the earnest people letting off steam, I have developed a certain distaste for the perennial professional reformers, who are always trumpeting about something. There is a good deal to be said, both for the humor and for the wisdom of Elmer Davis's story of the young Doctor of Philosophy who was asked to give an address at some such conference on the subject "The Segregation of the Socially Inefficient." After several days of contact with the conference, his wrath was stirred and he let go after this fashion:

"The theory of segregation is excellent, but segregate the uplifters, the reformers, the advisers, the interferers, and the chest-thumpers generally, who are forever advertising their own superior wisdom and holiness! Let the League of Nations buy Vesuvius from Italy, and segregate them all, well down in the crater. Put in everybody who assumes to tell other people just how they ought to live and insists upon their living that way, whether or no."

The more I saw and heard of those confident Socialists in the Ruskin Club, the less I inclined to their scheme for recasting our whole industrial system. My earlier leanings toward socialism were corrected and cured by ten years of contacts with the Socialists themselves.

While I was in California, my former roommate in Divinity School came back from India by way of Singapore, on his first furlough, with his wife and three children. The little people had not been very well when they left India, nor on the long sea voyage across the Pacific. The three-year-old boy had been suffering from some intestinal trouble picked up in the Orient, and he was not allowed to eat raw fruit. They landed in California in the very height of the fresh-fruit season; peaches, pears, apricots, figs, and plums were all at their best. After ten years in India, the grown-ups, who were in good health, reveled in it, but we tried to be merciful to the little chap. We ate our fresh fruit for the most part on the sly (as if we had been bootleggers) rather than tantalize him with the sight of what he was not allowed to have.

When they started east on the overland train, I packed a big basket with fresh fruit for them to enjoy on the way; and with pink mosquito netting over the top, it looked as tempting as the apples of Eden did to our first parents. They left Oakland in the forenoon, and in the afternoon were making their way up through the foothills of the Sierra. The father was sitting in his section reading, when he noticed the small boy slyly creeping toward the basket of fruit. He watched the urchin out of the corner of his eye, intending to restrain him before he actually captured the ripe peach on which his eyes were fixed. Just as the boy reached for it, the train suddenly ran into the first of the many tunnels on that line.

It was not a long tunnel and the porter had not troubled to turn on the lights in the car. Instantly the light was blotted out and the car went dark. The little fellow, as the child of devout missionary parents, had naturally been instructed in the dire consequences of evil-doing, and when he found himself suddenly in the dark, he cried out, "Papa, I didn't mean to do it. I didn't mean to." He felt that an awful day of judgment had instantly overtaken him, like a thief in the night. It might be a

gain could we all "become as little children," with our moral sensibilities equally alert touching matters more important than ripe peaches.

For more than ten years, I was president of the Board of Trustees of Mills College, which stands on the outskirts of Oakland. Dr. and Mrs. Mills had been missionaries in India, but his failing health compelled him to leave that land of heat and germs. They lived for several years, engaged in educational work, in Hawaii, where by fortunate investments he acquired some property. Then they came to Oakland and invested their all, substance, energy, training, culture, and devotion, to the founding and development of that college for girls.

Mrs. Mills had graduated from Mt. Holyoke College in Massachusetts when Mary Lyon herself was at the head of it. It was her dearest ambition to reproduce the ideals and methods of Mary Lyon in that college for women on the Pacific Coast. After the death of her husband, she was for years the efficient, devoted head and inspiration of the institution. She gathered around her an excellent faculty and an influential group of men upon the Board of Trustees. Like the man in the

parable, she invested "all that she had" in what seemed at first "a treasure hid in a field." The splendid college which stands there now, enlarged, enriched, and developed under the wise leadership of its President, Dr. Aurelia H. Reinhardt, has been built upon the foundations successfully and unselfishly laid by the gifted woman whose name it bears. In addition to my duties as President of the Board, I gave courses of lectures on the Bible for several years to the whole student body.

One Saturday afternoon, I saw a man coming up on my front porch who looked like a tramp, blue flannel shirt, overalls, no coat, and a face which had needed a shave for some time. When I opened the door, he touched his hat, and asked if I was the Congregational minister. When I assented, he said to me, "I am a gentleman like yourself, though I don't look it. May I come in and talk to you just five minutes—I promise not to take any more of your time than that."

When we were seated inside, he quickly told me this story. "I am a graduate of Olivet College" [a small Congregational college whose President I knew personally] "in the state of Michigan. I stud-

ied law, was admitted to the bar, opened an office in a nearby town, and soon built up a fairly good practice. I married a fine young woman with whom I was as happy as any man ever was, had a nice home, lots of friends and everything seemed bright.

“One winter my wife had pneumonia and died. We had no children and I was so lonesome and desperate that I got into the habit of drinking with the boys. I drank too much and became a common drunkard. I lost my practice, lost my friends, lost my home, lost everything—I was down and out. I hadn’t the courage to go on, so I just hit the road and became a hobo—for four years I have been a tramp. I slept last night in the open, as I have many a night here in California. I begged some bread and butter for my breakfast.

“All forenoon I have been sitting in the Park, reviewing my own case. I have decided that it is not too late for me to get back and be a man again—I am only thirty-seven. My best bet will be to have some hard labor which will make me so tired that when night comes, I will want to go to bed rather than go out and get drunk. They are offering three dollars a day and board for men to work

with pick and shovel, or to drive a team with a scraper, up here where they are grading on the new Western Pacific Railroad. I need three dollars to get something to eat and pay my fare up there to-morrow afternoon, and they will set me to work Monday morning.

“If you will lend me the three dollars, I’ll promise to send it back to you just as soon as I get my pay. I don’t know whether you will believe my story or not—I am not sure that I would believe it myself, if I were in your place, but it is God’s truth.”

As a city pastor, I had heard a good many such stories. I had invested money every now and then in men who needed just a dollar or two to make imaginary journeys to some other place where jobs were awaiting them. I may say in passing that most of those ventures of faith have proved to be permanent investments—the money which has been returned would not start much of a bank account.

But there was something about this man which appealed to me. I asked him a few questions about Olivet College and his life in Michigan. His answers seemed to ring true, so I took out three dollars and handed it to him. He thanked me and got

up to go. Then I said to him, "You are not starting until to-morrow afternoon, come around to church in the morning. We have service at eleven o'clock."

"Like this," he said, pointing to his outfit with a quizzical smile. "Yes," I said. "Come as you are! I would rather see you there in your own clothes than in some better cast-off clothes which I might easily give you." He objected that it was a wealthy church, and they would not let him in. I told him that the people were not all rich by any means—the minister wasn't and three fourths of them were no more affluent than I was. He still objected that the ushers would not give such a tramp as he was a seat. I assured him that he would be shown every courtesy and I added, "Ask the usher to seat you in the pastor's pew. My wife has several extra seats in her pew especially for strangers whom I happen to invite to church. She will be looking for you."

Then he laughed outright at the prospect, and said, "I don't know whether you mean it or not, but you can't bluff me—I'll be there." When I went into my pulpit next morning, I did not wait even to bow my head in prayer, till I had looked down at the minister's pew. The tramp was there, sitting be-

side my wife. He had gotten a shave, but he wore the blue shirt and overalls without a coat, just as he had appeared at my home the day before.

It was not hard to preach that morning nor to pray. I knew that if the poor chap was breaking away from the habit of drink, he would feel as if all the devils in hell were after him during the next week. I did my best to put some fresh bit of courage into him, if I might. When the service was over, he thanked my wife for her courtesy and went out without coming forward to speak to me. I rather liked that in him.

Six months passed, a year, two years, three years! I had completely forgotten the incident. One afternoon a man came into my study, well dressed, healthy, happy, prosperous-looking, who stood before me, saying, "I wonder if you remember me." I looked him over, cudgeling my brains (as ministers do on such occasions) to get some clue which would enable me to greet him fittingly. I could not connect—my mind did not "click"—and I confessed frankly that I could not recall his face.

"I am not surprised," he said. "I did not look much like this when you met me before. My name

is —— and there is your three dollars! I could have sent it to you long ago, but I wanted to bring it in person, and I waited until I felt sure of myself. I have not touched liquor from that day to this. I am on my feet again, have a good job and am prosperous. I am a Christian and a member of the Church. Six months ago, I met a woman about my own age in whom I became interested. Before I told her that I loved her, I gave her the full history of my past life. With all those facts before her, she returned my affection and accepted me. We were married two months ago, and she came down to Oakland with me—she is over here at the hotel now. And I just wanted to say to you, man to man, that it saved my soul to have somebody believe in me when I scarcely believed in myself.”

Naturally, I asked if I might not go over to the hotel with him and call on his wife. She received me cordially, and I took them home with me for dinner. The four of us sat at table eating, talking, laughing, with a few tears thrown in now and then perhaps, but filled with joy in our common Christian faith.

His “come-back” was real—I kept in touch with him for a time and he made good. It added cubits

to the stature of my faith in my fellow-man and in the grace of God which makes possible these moral renewals. Such occurrences are coming all the while into the lives of busy pastors. Any minister who is doing his work sympathetically finds every now and then that "the Spirit of the Lord is upon" him too, "anointing him to preach good tidings to the poor, to bind up the broken-hearted, to bring deliverance to the captives, and to set at liberty them that are bruised."

The church I served had an excellent organ, a brilliant young organist (who had studied with Widor and Guilmant in Paris) and a gifted choir director, Alexander Stewart, who was a professor of music in Mills College. We had four soloists on salary and the best chorus choir on the coast at that time, made up of sixty singers carefully chosen for their ability to read and to render good music. We were able to secure their voluntary services because of the musical training they received in the regular work of the church and in the preparation and rendering of six of the leading oratorios, which were given each year at intervals in our evening services.

The director and the members of the choir had such a true sense both of musical excellence and of the spiritual values involved that it was a joy to be associated with them in the conduct of public worship. When they sang "The Messiah," as they did always at Christmas, I rehearsed with them, and on that Sunday night, I left my pulpit to my assistant and sang with the basses in the rendering of Handel's masterpiece. To this day, when I hear any part of "The Messiah," it carries me back instantly to those hours of privilege in that church by the Golden Gate.

When I had been there long enough to develop in the minds of the people some feeling of assurance that, with my modern notions, I would not upset the Ark of the Covenant and spill out the Ten Commandments, I taught an adult Bible class (meeting immediately after the morning service) for the three winter months through a space of five years. It was made up of men and women, about one hundred and fifty of them, who wanted to know more of the truth about the Bible, that their confidence in its values might rest on surer foundations.

The first year we studied the Pentateuch, the

second year the historical books of the Old Testament, the third year the Poets and the Prophets, the fourth year the Gospels, and the fifth year the Acts and Epistles. I would speak for twenty minutes on the portion of Scripture assigned for study that day and then have thirty minutes for questions asked by members of the class. I had to paint with a big brush and take up Scripture in large chunks, but it meant for many of them better methods of Biblical interpretation, and it prepared some of them for better work as teachers in our Bible School, which at that time had in it over six hundred boys and girls. This was over thirty years ago, but even then thoughtful people had outgrown, or were rapidly outgrowing, the belief that all the statements in the Bible are to be taken as infallible. We cannot honor the Bible more highly, or make it more surely a potent influence for good, than by frankly telling the truth about it.

In my congregation there was a man of sixty perhaps, who was constant in his attendance at the various services—he always came to communion and took the sacrament. I did not find his name on the roll of church members, and after becoming

acquainted with him, I asked him if he would not bring his letter of transfer from the Church to which he belonged, and unite with us.

He told me that he was not a member of any church, that for reasons of his own he preferred not to unite with the church, but that he enjoyed the worship and fellowship of our church and was trying to live a Christian life. "The invitation to communion which you give," he said [I used the ordinary form of the Congregational Church—"This is the Lord's table, and we cordially invite all those who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity and truth to partake of this sacrament with us"] "seems to include me; so unless there is objection, I would like to come, as I have been doing." I assured him that we would be most happy to have him worship with us and take the sacrament; and, because it was apparently a matter of conscience with him, I never urged him again to unite with the church.

Several years later, he came to my study and told me that he would like to give some money to the work of missions, but that he preferred not to have his name mentioned. He would leave the money with me, to be given one half to the Congregationlists, one fourth to the Methodists, and

one fourth to the Baptists. He explained that while he had been worshiping with the Congregationalists, his father had been a Methodist and his mother a Baptist—he wished therefore to give something to those churches.

I put down the figures as to how the money was to be divided and told him that I would be glad to act as his agent, turning over the money to the three missionary boards and taking their receipts, which I would bring to him, without making known the name of the donor. He thanked me and handed me a check (which was folded up) and went out. When I looked at the check, I saw that it was made out to me for the sum of ten thousand dollars.

I had never seen my name before in such gratifying surroundings. I felt like one of the Forsytes in Galsworthy's story *The Man of Property*. I hastened to deposit it, and it caused my bank account to take on unwonted proportions. I remitted the money to the three treasurers of those missionary boards. The Methodist and the Baptist treasurers were particularly pleased because they felt that, had I tried, I might have landed the whole sum in my own church treasury. I took their receipts, which I gave to my friend, assuring him that his

name had not been made known. He was very modest, almost shy in his manner. He never wanted his left hand to know what his right hand had been up to.

Two years later, he came to me again and stated that when he died, he wished to leave all the property he had to missions—and, on this occasion, he would prefer to have it divided equally between the Congregationalists, the Methodists, and the Baptists. But, he remarked, under the laws of the State of California, a man cannot leave more than one third of his estate to benevolence, if there are other heirs living.

“I am a bachelor,” he said. “I have already helped my brothers and sisters generously and they are all in comfortable circumstances. I do not know that any effort would be made to contest my will, but if I should leave all of my estate to benevolence and there was objection, all of those bequests in excess of one third of my property could be set aside. I have therefore decided (if you are willing) to leave all I have to you personally, and you will know what I would like to have done with it.”

This seemed very handsome on his part, but I

suggested that we ought to have something in writing. He told me that such a thing would be contrary to the spirit of the law and he would be perfectly satisfied to leave his property to me, allowing me to carry out his wishes after he was gone. We had become warm friends in those years, and I was willing to accept that trust.

Some twelve years later, after I had come to Yale, I noticed in a California paper that this gentleman had died suddenly in Los Angeles. I had never mentioned our conversation to any one, and I wondered whether he had carried out the intention he had expressed. I thought that he might have changed his purpose after I had removed from California. Ten days later, I received a letter from an attorney in San Francisco, whom I knew very well, stating that he had drawn this gentleman's will, that it had been left in his safe, and that his client had left me all of his property. He said that the estate apparently would amount to something over one hundred and sixty thousand dollars. He would be glad to act for me (without compensation, as an old friend) in the probating of the will and in the settlement of the estate. Then, for the space of two

months, I felt like the original Soames Forsyte—I was a “man of property” myself.

When the estate was settled, it was necessary for my wife and me to sign certain papers before the Commissioner of Deeds for California, who was a lawyer in New Haven. When we went to his office to sign and acknowledge those papers, I told him this whole story, as he was a man well versed in the missionary activities of the Church. One can readily imagine how that casual, off-hand way of leaving an estate impressed this careful conservative Connecticut lawyer. I turned over the money to the three missionary treasurers, Congregational, Methodist, and Baptist (some fifty-five thousand dollars in each case) and felt myself no longer a Forsyte. And because I had come to know the origin of my friend's interest, I requested in each case that the money be used for missionary work in China.

I had asked him once, while I was still his pastor, how he came to be so much interested in missions—he had in those years made other gifts of less amounts through me to that form of benevolence. He told me that he acquired what property he owned by mining up in Butte County,

California. While he was there superintending the mine in which he was interested, being a bachelor, he had employed a Chinese to cook for him and to care for his bungalow. This Chinese was a Christian, having been converted to our faith by one of our missionaries in Canton. He was so honest, faithful, kindly, and devout in his whole habit of life that my friend came to feel that if Christian missions could show such fruits, he would like to give to that form of effort.

All unknown to himself, this Chinese boy, who had been a coolie on the streets of Canton, had made a profound impression upon the heart of a man in every way his superior in intellectual endowment and economic efficiency. He had also been the means of securing for Christian work in his own country nearly two hundred thousand dollars. "The fruits of the spirit are love, joy, peace, patience, gentleness, goodness, faithfulness, mildness, self-control." Wherever these fruits are seen growing out of a life, they have high value for the advancement of Christ's kingdom on earth.

I have attended a great many weddings. I have been the officiating clergyman for over twelve hun-

dred couples, using the marriage service so many times that for years I have known it by heart, as I know the Lord's Prayer and the Apostles' Creed. I never use a book. I have been pretty much everything at a wedding, except the bride and the bridesmaids. I began as an ordinary guest, "having on a wedding garment." Then I became an usher and still later "the best man." I then served on many occasions as the minister who performed the ceremony, and at last, I worked my way up to the position of groom.

The California people are proverbially generous, and inasmuch as it is an unwritten law for every minister to give the wedding fees he receives to his wife, this meant a great many pleasant experiences for the mistress of the manse. One day a man, of thirty perhaps, came smiling into my office at the church and told me that he wanted to get married and that the bride was just outside in a carriage. I asked him if either of them had been married before, as I have certain scruples about marrying divorced people unless the divorce was granted on Scriptural grounds. He joyously informed me that it was the first venture for both of them. He brought her in, a beautiful

young woman, and they were radiantly happy over what they were doing. When I had married them and had filled out the certificate and handed it to him, he dropped into my hand five twenty-dollar gold pieces!

"My dear man!" I exclaimed—for the money was not in an envelope nor wrapped up in tissue paper. It lay there in my hand in all its beauty, a hundred dollars in gold! "My dear man, you do not want to give me all that." "Yes I do," he said. "I have been mining, and I struck it rich. I am tremendously happy to-day, and I want to make everybody else happy." I assured him that he had certainly made me happy, and that as soon as I reached home, he would make another woman besides the bride very happy, because I gave all my wedding fees to my wife. It was not always like that, but my many contacts with joyous bridegrooms have been in every way delightful.

The most amusing instance of this kind came rather early in my ministry. I had just married a couple who had come to the parsonage in Cincinnati to plight their troth. When I had performed the ceremony, the groom asked me what my fee was. I told him (as ministers commonly do) that I

had no fee—I believe the law does allow a justice of the peace or a judge of the courts or a minister of the gospel to collect a certain legal fee for solemnizing a marriage, but I never took the trouble to ascertain the amount of it in any of the States where I have lived.

I said that I had no regular fee, that whatever he saw fit to give me would be entirely satisfactory; and that he did not need to give me anything at all, unless he chose. “Oh no,” he replied, “that isn’t my style! You name your figure, and I will meet it, if I can—and I guess I can.”

I still maintained the conventional attitude, though he seemed disappointed over my unwillingness to appraise the value of the service I had rendered. Rather reluctantly, he fumbled in his trousers pocket, where I could hear the rattle of loose coins, and then dropped something into my hand. I thanked him, but did not look at it until I had escorted them to the front door and bowed them out with all my good wishes.

When I did look at my “fee,” I found that he had given me a quarter and a nickel. It “looked like thirty cents,” and it was just thirty cents. I suppose he thought that getting married was something

like getting a haircut—in those simple Victorian days the barbers usually charged ten cents for a shave and a quarter for cutting a man's hair—and he felt that he had given me the customary amount with an added tip. I earnestly hope that he and his bride have been just as happy as that California couple. His friendly face made me feel that his intentions also were entirely generous.

The Church I served had grown until it had more than nineteen hundred members. The demands of such a parish were large and constant. I had to prepare two new sermons every week, because the evening congregation had come to be quite as large as the morning one. When I left my first church in Cincinnati, I burned up all my old sermons—the contents of “the barrel” which is supposed to be “a very present help in time of trouble” for the busy parson. When I left Winthrop Church in Boston to go to California, I did the same thing again. I confess to a feeling of dismay when I saw the flames licking up what some irreverent wag once called “dried tongue.” I am sure, however, that it was for the interest and

profit of the patient people, who are entitled to the freshest utterance a pastor can bring.

In addition to my responsibility for my own church, I had been there longer than any other Protestant minister in the city, with the single exception of one German Lutheran Pastor. People who had no church connections were likely to regard me as their minister when any pastoral service was required. The number of weddings and funerals multiplied almost beyond belief. After a forenoon of hard work in my study, I would often have two or three funerals to conduct in the afternoon—on a single day, I once conducted four funeral services in different parts of the city. Then at night, I would have a wedding, perhaps two of them, hurrying from one scene of bliss to another with the memory of the sorrow in those homes of grief still fresh in my heart. At eleven o'clock at night, when I should have been in bed and asleep, I would be eating salad and ice-cream at a wedding reception, trying to make myself an agreeable member of society, thinking meanwhile of another strenuous day on the morrow.

I had done my work thus far without interrup-

tion from ill health, but when I was on my fifteenth year in that church, my physician told me that while I might go on for a year or two more, I was in danger of a nervous break-down. And he added, "If you have nervous prostration, it may take you ten years to get back where you are now—indeed you may never get back." I therefore called the officers of my church together and told them frankly of my situation, and a month later I resigned and came East with no definite engagement for further work.

I took eight months for physical renewal, although during most of that period I was preaching somewhere nearly every Sunday. In that time three opportunities came unasked within my reach. I was offered a college presidency. I was asked to become pastor of the First Congregational Church in Cambridge, which stands only a stone's throw from Harvard University. I was told that I could be elected Dean of the Divinity School in Yale University, if such a position appealed to me. After conferring with the representatives of those three institutions and giving to the positions they offered the most careful consideration, I decided to come

to New Haven, Connecticut, where I have lived ever since. And the people in this community, town and gown alike, have been so gracious that it is to be our home for the rest of our days.

· VIII ·

YALE

IT was all new and strange. I had never taught school a day in my life. My only academic experience had been the giving of courses of lectures, one a week perhaps, on Bible study at Mills College or at Stanford University. I had been in the active ministry as a pastor for twenty-two years, and when I appeared upon the campus as Dean of one of the graduate schools in a great, historic university, I had to learn my way about as a novice.

I was constantly aided in this by my good friend and near neighbor, Williston Walker. He was at that time a professor in the Divinity School and Secretary of the Faculty. He was a graduate of Amherst College and of Hartford Theological Seminary, and had taken his doctor's degree in Leipsic. He had been at Yale ten years when I came, and was held in high esteem by his colleagues in all of the faculties—his friendly counsel had great value.

The Divinity School was founded in 1822 and had an honorable history. The number of divinity students had been decreasing, however, and there had been a falling-off in the grade of men who came. The faculty was small, but it was a rare group of scholarly and devout men—Benjamin W. Bacon in New Testament, Edward L. Curtiss in Old Testament (who died just as I entered upon my service), Frank C. Porter in Biblical Theology, Williston Walker in Church History, Douglas C. McIntosh in Systematic Theology, Henry Hallam Tweedy in Homiletics, and Harlan P. Beach in Missions. They all knew their way about, and nothing could have exceeded their kindness and consideration while I was getting the swing of the axe in this new line of work.

Every dean at Yale is directly responsible to the President and Corporation for the conduct of his school. He naturally consults with the President touching any important changes, or new policies to be inaugurated, or new appointments to be made, but a generous measure of liberty is accorded him in the matter of initiative and the working-out of his own plans. Where these involve the expenditure of considerable sums of money or the

inception of new policies, they naturally come to the Corporation for approval before any decisive action is taken.

In addition to those duties, I had charge of all the correspondence connected with the work of the school, was the presiding officer at all faculty meetings, aided in the raising of additional funds for enlargement, and did my share of teaching. In the Department of Homiletics and Pastoral Theology, I offered three courses on "The Art of Preaching," "The Care of a Parish," and "The Minister's Message" to the students in the Junior, Middle, and Senior years respectively.

I found it intensely interesting to gather up the principles and methods which I had been following in my own work as a preacher and a pastor for twenty-two years, and put them in shape for the guidance of young men in training for that same high calling. I had enjoyed the work of the ministry to the full—to this day I feel that there is no other calling on earth which can compare with it for a moment, in the chance it offers for the fullest self-realization, for rewarding contacts with one's fellow-beings, for an abiding sense of fellowship and coöperation with one's Lord and for the finding of

occasions varied and countless to serve one's day and generation. "The lure of the ministry"—it is the most human, the most interesting, the most rewarding of all the callings open to the sons of men!

I therefore brought into the class-room, where forty or more expectant young theologs sat, an enthusiasm for our common calling which I am sure they recognized. I came in with the corners of my mouth turned up rather than down, with a high confidence that the gospel we are set to preach is "good news," rather than a counsel of despair or a nagging bit of chilly advice. The young man who is alive and alert, with an ambition to serve, and who has the love of Christ in his heart, cannot take a straighter road into the best there is in the general allotment of personal satisfaction than the one to be found in the work of the ministry.

In their respective fields, my colleagues in the Divinity faculty were away in advance of me in their scholarship, but my twenty-two years of actual experience as a preacher and pastor gave me a certain advantage in preparing men for the active work of the ministry. During the seventeen years that I was Dean, over eight hundred young men

passed through my classes on their way to the four quarters of the earth for a varied service, as ministers, foreign missionaries, directors of religious education, social workers and teachers of religion in schools, colleges, and seminaries. I am steadily reaping royalties of satisfaction these days, as I look out upon the competent, consecrated service which they are rendering.

It has been a joy to greet them in their own fields of labor many times in various States of the Union, and in Egypt, Palestine, India, Ceylon, and other countries to which they have gone. In addition to my contacts with them in the class-room, they had the habit of coming to me as Dean of the school, with all manner of personal problems from their physical health, financial worries, and love affairs, to their queries about the problem of evil and the being of God. "I thank the Lord upon every remembrance of them," that they came. What a privilege to know them intimately on the personal side! And if any bit of interest or word of suggestion which I was able to offer had value for them, I am repaid for all the expenditure of time and thought a thousand times. I hope to retain their

friendship as long as friendships endure in this world, or in the world to come.

When I first came to the school, there were not more than eight or ten students from what we call "the South." It seemed to me that by training religious leaders who would aid in bringing in better methods, we ought to be rendering a service to that section where a more mechanical method of Biblical interpretation and a more dogmatic fashion of dealing with the great spiritual verities has survived longer than in any other section of our country. With the hearty approval of the faculty, I made three different trips among the colleges of the South in the hope of attracting to Yale promising young men who had the ministry in mind.

I corresponded with the presidents of the colleges in advance with regard to my coming—and found them generally most cordial. As a rule, I would spend only a day in a place. The President would usually arrange for me to speak at the Chapel service in the morning, where such a service was part of the daily program. This would introduce me to the student body. It would be announced there that at a later hour I would meet

men who were thinking of any form of Christian service, the ministry, the foreign field, religious education, the Y. M. C. A., or other lines of work. Here I would have a chance to indicate to the whole group the opportunities offered for such training at Yale. Then the rest of the day I would use for personal interviews with men who wished to ask me more in detail about the facilities available at Yale.

In this line of effort, I have given addresses in one hundred and fifty-six different colleges and universities north, south, east, and west. It was hard work—the days were full and I had to travel early and late in order to fit the various colleges into my schedule. I often visited five or six colleges in a week. It has contributed to the growth of the attendance in the school. I was particularly interested in the increasing number of students from the South, and last year there were seventy-eight Divinity students registered from the farther side of Mason and Dixon's line.

Now and then I had some amusing experiences. After I had finished my address in the chapel of one college, a very stern old member of the faculty, who looked as if he might have been a first cousin

of John Calvin, took me by the hand and, looking straight into my eyes, said to me, "Dean Brown, do you teach this thing called 'higher criticism' up there at Yale?" On that occasion I had full need to be as wise as a serpent, as well as harmless as a dove.

In a Southern city where there were several colleges, one of our Yale Divinity graduates, who was serving as a Y. M. C. A. secretary, was arranging my schedule. He approached the President of a Presbyterian college with the suggestion that perhaps he might like to have Dean Brown of Yale speak at the chapel. The President did not seem overjoyed at the prospect, and he asked, "Is Dean Brown perfectly orthodox?" My friend assured him that when it came to "essentials," he felt that I was quite sound in the faith.

Even so, the President told him politely that he would prefer not to expose his student body to any such doubtful influences. Then the secretary asked if he might not bring the Dean in to call on him, as we were to be in that part of the city on a certain forenoon. The President was a Southern gentleman, and he cordially assented.

I had been informed of all this, and when I was

introduced to him, the President said to me, "Where were you born?" I told him "Virginia." "Well, how do you happen to be a Congregationalist, if you were born in Virginia?" I said to him that my father was a Methodist and my mother a Presbyterian who had taught her children the "Shorter Catechism," but when I grew up, I compromised by becoming a Congregationalist. He felt apparently that a man born in Virginia, whose Presbyterian mother taught him the Shorter Catechism, could not be altogether hopeless. The sky began to clear, and the air was milder. When we had talked for ten minutes, I got up to go, but he warmly urged me to stay and address the students that morning at chapel. This I was very happy to do—and this was followed later in the season by a gracious invitation from him to come down and give their Commencement address. How much easier it would be for fundamentalists and modernists, conservatives and liberals to coöperate in Christian effort if they only knew each other a bit better!

All departments at Yale open on the last Thursday in September. The following Wednesday we have for many years arranged an outing for the

Divinity School. At two o'clock two special trolley-cars, together with a lot of automobiles privately owned, take the whole school, faculty and students, out to Double Beach, some twelve miles away, beautiful for situation and looking out upon Long Island Sound. During the afternoon, we have several baseball games in progress, with races and other outdoor sports. The faculty wives serve a picnic supper. Then we gather around a huge bonfire, and when it has burned down to a genial bed of coals, we have half a dozen brief addresses from representatives of the three classes and of the graduate students, and by two members of the faculty. When the afternoon and evening are over, we have found that the students and members of the faculty have been "shaken together" into a closer, warmer, more human relationship than would have been achieved by many weeks in the class-room. The atmosphere of friendliness and the warm devotional spirit of Yale Divinity School have for a long time been among its chief assets.

When I was considering the call to Yale, I said to President Hadley that I had been trained as a preacher, and I asked if my position at Yale would prevent me from preaching in the colleges

and churches on Sunday when opportunity offered.

“By no means!” he replied. “Quite the contrary! We feel that it would be an advantage to have at the head of the Divinity School a man who is recognized as an acceptable preacher in the schools and colleges. Preach as much as you like.” During all my years there, I have preached almost every Sunday from the middle of September to the end of the following June, in preparatory schools and colleges and occasionally in the churches.

When I had been there five years, I was elected pastor of “The Church of Christ in Yale University.” Yale has its own college church, non-sectarian, in which faculty members and students may hold their church membership. It receives and dismisses members as any other church would do, administers the sacraments of baptism and the Lord’s Supper, makes regular contributions to certain benevolences, maintains a Sunday-school for the children of faculty families, and conducts public worship every Sunday during the college year. When I became pastor, I was asked by the President and the Church Committee to preach the first Sunday of every month and to conduct the communion service on those days. I held this office for

twelve years, so that I have preached in Battell Chapel over a hundred times, more than any other living man.

During the earlier years of my pastorate, I made it a rule to call on every Freshman—the classes were much smaller then than now—in his room at some time during his first year. When I called on boys who had prepared for college at Andover, Exeter, The Hill, Hotchkiss, Lawrenceville, Taft, and Choate—Schools in which I had been preaching regularly for years—they knew me at once. When I entered their rooms, they gave me a cordial welcome.

When I called on Freshmen who did not know me at all, they were noticeably doubtful as to what might be in store for them. When I introduced myself as “pastor of the college church,” they seemed to be afraid that the next moment I might be saying, “How is it with your soul?” or asking them to be prayed over. When they realized presently that I had just come to get acquainted with them in a friendly way, they began to mellow, and by the time I was ready to go, they limbered up and were actually cordial. Apparently my call was something like a cold shower early in the morning,

a good deal of an ordeal at first but the later reaction was rather pleasant. In that way I formed many personal friendships of value to me, and I trust to them.

We have at Yale a Senior society known as "Skull and Bones." It is made up of fifteen Seniors in the College, and these men before they graduate elect fifteen Juniors who will constitute "Bones" during the following college year. It is rightly regarded as a distinct honor to be "tapped" for this society. William H. Taft, Arthur T. Hadley, Henry Sloane Coffin, Henry L. Stimson, H. Trubee Davison, Bishop Edward L. Parsons, Thomas Day Thacher, and other well-known Yale graduates are all "Bones men."

It is one of the "traditions" that no well-bred Bones man ever talks about it, or even mentions the fact that he does belong, when he is conversing with any one outside of that society. If he happens to be present when others begin to discuss "Skull and Bones," he is supposed to walk out, as a silent testimony to the reticence which all members of that society preserve regarding that relationship.

At one of the entertainments given by the students at Princeton, it was noticed that three very

disreputable-looking fellows, dressed like tramps and with faces soiled as if they had been on a prolonged spree, were sitting well up in front. In one of the monologues, the speaker made reference to a Senior Society at Yale called "Skull and Bones." Immediately those three disreputable-looking scamps got up with great dignity and walked out very ostentatiously, to the distinct enjoyment of that Princeton audience.

When Cardinal Mercier of Belgium visited this country in October, 1919, Yale University arranged a special convocation to confer upon him the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws. As I was to offer the prayer that evening in connection with the ceremonies, I was invited to meet him at dinner at the home of President Hadley. He was the most saintly looking man I have ever seen in my life, and his words and his deeds went right along with his looks—they were all of a piece. The whole world, Protestant, Catholic, Hebrew, hailed him as a brave, devout, kindly follower of Christ.

It was a memorable evening in Woolsey Hall. The President, the Secretary, and the Treasurer of the University, the deans and the members of the

Yale Corporation, with a few noted guests who had been invited, were on the platform. Brian Hooker's "Commemoration Ode" set to music composed by Horatio Parker, the former Dean of the Yale School of Music, was sung by a splendid choir with the organ and an orchestra accompanying. It was a distinguished company of people who filled the great Hall to witness the conferring of a degree upon so eminent a figure in the life of the world.

There was one startling—and as it seemed for a few moments, disconcerting—occurrence in the program. The choir and the audience were to sing together as an act of praise three stanzas of that familiar hymn "How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord" set to the music of "Adeste Fidelis," an old Latin hymn of the Christian Church. The words of the hymn were printed on the program which was in every one's hands. While we were singing the first stanza, the fuses all burned out in the basement of the hall and all lights went out, leaving us in total darkness. The current was cut off from the organ (which was pumped by electric power), thus silencing it.

We sang on in the dark, using the well-known

words of that familiar hymn, but everybody was wondering what would happen when we reached the end of the first verse. When we reached it, someone had the good sense and courage to start in on the first line of the second stanza. The hymn was so well known to the majority of that company of nearly three thousand people, that they joined in at once and sang it heartily with scarcely a perceptible break in the volume of praise. And by the time we reached the beginning of the third stanza, fresh fuses had been slipped in, the lights came on again, the organ was playing, and we sang the closing stanza with a certain added fervor.

I am told that at the close of the evening, Cardinal Mercier expressed himself as having been more impressed by that occurrence, and the ability of an American audience to cope so promptly with an emergency and sing right on in a high, serene faith, than by anything else in the exercises connected with the conferring of the highest degree in the gift of the University.

We had another impressive exercise when a special convocation was called to confer the same degree of Doctor of Laws upon Marshal Foch. He came in the autumn, and after the ceremonies con-

nected with the conferring of the degree, he attended a great football game in the Yale Bowl between our team and that of Princeton. His quiet dignity, and our own sense of the significance of the service he had rendered in bringing to an end the terrible struggle of those years of pain, made a profound impression upon a crowd of seventy-five thousand people assembled to witness another football game. Those of us who had already met him near at hand on the platform of Woolsey Hall saw there, in that grave but kindly face, lines cut deep by the struggle which he had shared to the full with his own beloved France in preserving her freedom.

When that well-loved President of the United States William Howard Taft completed his term of office and retired from the Presidency, it was to become a member of the faculty of the Yale Law School as lecturer on Constitutional Law. We came to know him intimately in New Haven. His kindly interest in his fellow-citizens, his generous support by word and by deed of all agencies for community welfare, his public spirit shown on many occasions, and his regular attendance at the religious services in the Yale Chapel were all char-

acteristic of the man. He was the most highly esteemed and best-loved man in the whole city.

It was almost like a home-coming for him. He had spent his four college years there, graduating in the class of 1878 with high honors. He had made frequent visits to his alma mater, keeping in close, sympathetic touch with her expanding life. He had been a member of the Yale Corporation, our governing body, while he was President of the United States. He was naturally the outstanding alumnus whom we all delighted to honor.

In the month of February, 1919, President Woodrow Wilson was in Paris where the Versailles Treaty was being negotiated. He was engaged in a heroic fight for those better methods of international usage which would make for peace and aid in preventing the recurrence of such another world-wide disaster. It was, and is, the greatest single interest with which the race of men has to deal.

In every way Mr. Taft came loyally to the support of his successor in office in that high endeavor. He arranged to make a tour across the country for the purpose of holding two-day conferences on the League of Nations in nine of our principal cities, New York, Boston, Chicago, Minneapolis, Portland,

Oregon, San Francisco, Salt Lake City, St. Louis, and Atlanta.

He invited seven people to accompany him on that trip to give addresses in all those cities on the importance of world peace and the value of the plan proposed in the League of Nations. He asked Henry Morgenthau, our former ambassador to Turkey, and Henry van Dyke, former ambassador to Holland, as representing the diplomatic service. He asked Edward A. Filene of Boston, a Director of the National Chamber of Commerce, to speak for the commercial interests; President A. Lawrence Lowell of Harvard to represent the colleges and universities; Professor George G. Wilson of the Harvard Law School, an eminent author and writer on the subject of international law; Mrs. Philip M. Moore, President of the General Federation of Women's Clubs of America, to speak for the women of the land; and myself, to speak for the churches and religion. Mr. Taft had also invited a leading representative of organized labor, who had accepted, but at the last moment was unable to go.

We spent nearly five weeks holding those two-day conferences in the nine cities named. We delivered two hundred and fifty addresses in the great

municipal auditoriums of the various cities (which were filled with audiences ranging from four thousand to ten thousand people, according to the size of the buildings), and before chambers of commerce, university audiences, church assemblies, luncheons, dinners, and even breakfasts, sponsored by various organizations. The whole country knew and loved Mr. Taft, and with him at the head of the group, we were sure of a cordial reception and a wide hearing wherever we went.

He was warmly applauded on all sides for his broad, statesmanlike view of the situation and for his generous unpartisan spirit in giving that active public support to Woodrow Wilson, who seven years before had defeated him in the election for the Presidency. He was in daily communication by cable with President Wilson, who was in Paris, regarding this undertaking to stir up public sentiment on this vital question, and to secure the favor of the people regarding the proposed League of Nations.

The members of this party, with a business manager and several secretaries, traveled the whole way in a compartment sleeper, staying usually at a hotel during the two days of the conference in each

of the cities. We were all doing it without compensation, though our traveling and hotel expenses were paid from a fund which had been subscribed for that purpose. We met personally many of the leading citizens in the various places where we spoke, and from the newspaper reports of our meetings we had opportunity to judge of the sentiment of the country regarding the League.

I believe that the great majority of the American people were in favor of it then, and I believe that the great majority of them are in favor of it now. It is a thousand pities that we have not been in the League of Nations through all these years when it has been making history, a very honorable and useful sort of history as it bears upon the welfare of mankind at large. Mr. Taft's simple, democratic friendliness toward the other members of his party, as we came into close, daily contact with him in all those five weeks of travel will be remembered and cherished by them all, as long as they live.

We were cordially received everywhere, but our final conference held in Atlanta, Georgia, came as a fitting climax. His generous attitude toward certain Southern interests and sentiments had made Mr. Taft the most popular Republican President in

the South that the country has ever known. When the train which carried our car reached the outskirts of the city about eight o'clock in the morning, all the factory whistles were blowing a welcome. When the train reached the station, there was a band of a hundred pieces playing "Dixie," as only Southern musicians can play it, and a big reception committee headed by the Governor of Georgia and the Mayor of Atlanta to extend the official welcome.

They took us at once to a hotel where fifty of us sat down to what the Mayor called in his words of greeting "an old-time Southern breakfast." It was both delicious and ample—had we eaten all that they offered us, we would have been too full for any kind of utterance, peaceful or otherwise, during the rest of the day. Meetings were held in their large municipal auditorium seating six thousand people, where Mr. Clark Howell of the *Atlanta Constitution* presided and introduced the speakers, and in a dozen other places where addresses were made upon the meaning and purposes of the League. Having been sponsored by Woodrow Wilson, a Democratic President, the proposal commended itself at once to the South, and prominent men had

come from all over the State of Georgia to attend that two-day conference in Atlanta.

Yale has a rule that members of the Faculty may retire at the age of sixty-five—at the age sixty-eight, they must retire. The University provides a generous retiring allowance for those who have been in active service for a certain period of years. I could have continued for two years more before becoming “Emeritus,” but when I reached the age of sixty-six, I felt that after forty years of continuous service in the ministry and as Dean of the Divinity School, I would enjoy a longer vacation. I decided therefore to take six months off for a trip to Spain, Egypt, Palestine, India, and I retired at the June Commencement in 1928, when Yale conferred upon me the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity.

The Public Orator who presents the candidates for honorary degrees at the Yale Commencement is the widely known and well-loved Professor William Lyon Phelps of the Department of English. His quiet sense of humor, combined with his good taste, has enabled him to bring a more human note into what is commonly rather a stiff, formal ex-

ercise. He is always genial and generous in his characterizations of those who are to receive this distinction at the hands of the University. He most certainly was in my own case—this is what he said in presenting me for the degree:

“It would be worse than superfluous to mention in detail the accomplishments and services of our beloved Dean Brown. Those who do not know of him, do not know Yale. He is the incarnation of the Yale Spirit, and his words of inspiration are known in every town and village in America. His training was prophetically national. Born in Virginia, he took his bachelor’s and his master’s degrees at the University of Iowa, his divinity degree at Boston, and for many years was pastor of the First Congregational Church of Oakland, California. He has been Dean of the Yale Divinity School since 1911 and retires this year in order to devote himself to foreign travel, to preaching, and to publication. He has received honors from many Universities and has written many books. It is unusual for a leading orator to be also so successful in administrative work and so admirable in pastoral duties. His head and his heart are partners.

“He brought the Yale Divinity School to a high

level and himself is regarded as one of the greatest living teachers of the art of preaching. Young men and women in every important American college have heard him gladly; few ministers have been in greater demand. His strong, robust personality, his religious vitality, his command of picturesque language, his wisdom and tact, his hearty love of human beings, have made him a powerful force in the spiritual life of our time. Dean Brown, Yale University without you, will be lonesome!"

Then President Angell, in conferring the degree, added these gracious words: "Nothing that Yale can do can repay the obligation under which your long years of devoted service have put her. It is as an expression of the honor and affection in which she holds you, and not as a needless addition to your already abundant honors, that she confers upon you the degree of Doctor of Divinity, admitting you to all its rights and privileges, and wishing you many years of happy and fruitful service."

When we returned from India, I resumed my work of preaching in the colleges and schools, giving also on week-days lectures and addresses as opportunity offered, and doing some writing, which had been postponed until I should have more lei-

sure. During the first college year after I became Emeritus, I preached every Sunday without a break from the first of September to the end of the following June; and I gave ninety-eight other addresses. It was good to feel that I might still have some part in our educational and religious activities.

· IX ·

COLLEGE PREACHING

I CAME to Yale twenty years ago, and during all that time I have been preaching almost every Sunday, chiefly in the colleges, for ten months in the year. I have preached regularly in some of the preparatory schools also, Andover, Exeter, Hotchkiss, Lawrenceville, The Hill, Taft, and Choate. I have occasionally supplied the pulpit of a church when the pastor was away for a Sunday—sometimes for a series of Sundays—but most of my work in the pulpit has been in college chapels.

The church congregation offers opportunity for a much wider range of appeal because the people there touch life at so many more points. Here in the pews of a church are fathers and mothers, employers and employees, neighbors and citizens, lawyers, doctors, teachers, bankers, engineers, merchants and manufacturers, the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick maker, old and young, meeting together

in a common interest. The world is much larger than a college campus and ever so much more interesting. The cap and gown have a certain decorative value, but the main part of the world's work is being done by men and women in their ordinary clothes.

The college audience on the contrary is made up, as a rule, of boys or girls of about the same age whose experience of life as yet is very limited, and whose natural interests do not go far afield. Every preacher who goes from a church into a college chapel to open his mouth is instantly aware of the difference.

But for all that, the college crowd is one of the most appealing and rewarding audiences to be found in any place of worship. These young people are just making up their minds about it all; they are still in the formative stage; in spite of the frantic efforts of the *American Mercury* and other kindred publications, not many of them are cynical. They are ready to go the second mile in their quest for reality; and when any honest aspiration rings true, they are most responsive. I count it one of the joys of my life that I have been privileged to look into the eyes, and minds, and hearts of so many of them.

Boys are better listeners than girls—if they listen at all, they listen more steadily and intently. Girls are more likely to listen off and on. I have sometimes tried the same sermon on an audience made up almost entirely of men students, as at Williams, Amherst, Dartmouth, Lafayette, or Union, and upon an audience of college women at Vassar, Wellesley, Mt. Holyoke, or Smith. When the preacher succeeds in really getting hold of an audience of college boys, they will often listen steadily for twenty or twenty-five minutes, scarcely taking their eyes off him. I have never been able to get such unwavering attention from any audience of college girls.

“There is a reason,” and I think I can name it. Boys are not interested in looking at each other. No fellow ever scrutinizes the appearance of another fellow, as if he were making an inventory of his “points.” Girls are forever looking each other over, wondering if this girl would not have looked better if her hair had not been bobbed quite so short, or if that one would not make a better showing had she selected another sort of gown. They do it at teas, at the opera, in class, at church, everywhere! In a college chapel, where there are a thou-

sand attractive young women, the man in the pulpit has to compete with all of those differing objects of interest for the attention of his hearers. His task is much easier where there is nothing more exciting to look at than a thousand boys for other boys to behold. The girls may hear everything that is being said, but their eyes are frequently turned this way or that by the other mental processes which are under way in their fair heads.

I have found it best to make the same sort of approach to the masculine and the feminine college crowd. The girls are human beings like the rest of us, with very much the same sort of doubts, disappointments and devils to face. They welcome straight talk as readily as do the boys. With the recognition of that narrower range of appeal noted above, I feel that college preaching had best be like good preaching anywhere. The man who tries to be glib with the campus lingo, who is manifestly seeking to show himself "academic" in his phrases, who is forever "reconciling science and religion" or clearing up the unexplored remainders in speculative philosophy, will lose ten times more than he gains by that line of approach.

In their desire for a competent, workable phi-

losophy of life, in their determination to bring a larger measure of moral idealism into the ordinary round-and-round, in their open scorn for sham and make-believe, for anything hollow and perfunctory in religion, and in the response which thousands of them are making all over the land to the great vital truths of our common Christian faith, the young people show themselves worthy of, and ready for, the best that any trained man can bring.

The man who preaches in a college chapel where attendance is still required usually finds his work cut out for him and laid ready to his hand. Here is a body of young people looking up at him with a kind of "peremptory challenge," as the lawyers call it, in their eyes. They seem to be saying, "Now look here, old fellow, we would not be here if we did not have to be! If you expect to interest us, you will have to be very much on your job!"

Any bit of high-flown, far-fetched sentiment, any long-drawn-out illustration, any tedious dwelling upon that which is perfectly obvious, any dilly-dallying with weak-kneed poetry, will lose the attention of a college audience in less time than I am taking to tell it. The preacher must be prepared beforehand to move straight upon his audience's

capacity for response to religious stimulus with a clear-cut, competent, and cogent putting of the truth.

The very fact that attendance at chapel service is sometimes compulsory puts every preacher upon his honor to deal fairly with his hearers, in the length of his sermon, in the care he gives to his preparation, and in the respect he shows for their personalities. When a certain clergyman (once very acceptable as a college preacher but no longer so) says to an audience of boys whose attendance is required, "The ordinary college man is an ass and as a rule he is an unmitigated ass," or to an audience of college women, "You little hussies go about as if you knew it all," we are not surprised to learn that the invitations to college chapels, which were once freely extended, have largely ceased. The basic principle underlying all good manners and all good morals is respect for the personality of others. When young people are required to be present and to hear whatever the preacher may choose to say, that fact cannot be ignored by him in any sentence which comes from his lips.

"There is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars, and

one star differeth from another star in glory." The mood and atmosphere in Appleton Chapel at Harvard is one, and the mood and atmosphere in Sage Chapel at Cornell, or in the beautiful Memorial Church at Stanford University, is another. The very "feel" of the place in Princeton's stately Gothic chapel, and the feel of the historic chapel in the Naval Academy at Annapolis, where two thousand midshipmen in uniform sit up as straight as nine-pins, differ widely. The man who preaches habitually without a manuscript, his eyes on the congregation rather than upon a pile of paper, watching the changing expressions upon the faces of his hearers and sensing more directly the ebb and flow of interest and response, has an immense advantage over the preacher who barricades himself behind a rampart of carefully written pages. He needs to be as watchful and alert as a man sailing a yacht on a day when the wind seems to be blowing from all points of the compass at once.

One of the perquisites of college preaching (along with the checks received from the various treasurers) is the joy of coming to know, with some measure of intimacy, a goodly number of college and university presidents. The friendships I have

enjoyed, as the years have come and gone, with such men as A. Lawrence Lowell, James R. Angell and John Grier Hibben, Nicholas Murray Butler, David Starr Jordan, Jacob Schurman, H. A. Garfield, William DeWitt Hyde, Paul Moody, and a score of others—and with such women as Ellen F. Pendleton and Mary A. Woolley—have made me a debtor to them all. In this more complex social order of ours, the college president has about the hardest task of any man I know, and the splendid measure of scholarship and executive ability, of sound judgment and reliable character, which these presidents are bringing all the while to this important work is a mighty asset to our national life.

Education is not merely the training of the hand in a finer technique or the mere filling of the head with knowledge, so that the happy recipient of a degree may be able to market his personal efficiency at a higher figure. Education means also the culture and development of the human spirit, the unfolding, the maturing, and the enrichment of personality by all those forms of discipline and culture which can be massed together on a campus. And for that high task, all the varied gifts of brain and heart cannot be too great.

These personal contacts with so many educational institutions through my preaching in the various chapels have seemed to open the way for my receiving some honorary degrees which are generously conferred upon men to whom those institutions wish to show themselves friendly. I have received the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity from Oberlin College, Ohio Wesleyan University, Brown University, and Yale University; the degree of Doctor of Humane Letters from the University of Vermont; the degree of Doctor of Sacred Theology from Boston University; and the Degree of Doctor of Laws from Wesleyan University. These institutions usually bestow upon the recipient of an honorary degree the appropriate hood. The college colors and the colors indicating the particular degree which has been conferred vary widely. If I should undertake to put on all of my hoods, as I am told a certain well-known writer once did upon an occasion which he regarded as very august, Solomon in all his glory would again be outdone, as he was by those wild-flowers on the hills of Palestine to which the Master pointed in his Sermon on the Mount.

There is a feeling in certain quarters that col-

lege students in these days are openly, if not scornfully, irreligious. In the light of all that I have learned through these wide and numerous contacts with the young people during the last twenty years, that verdict seems to me unfair and unwarranted.

The young folks are not so orthodox in their beliefs as John Calvin was. They are not so punctilious in the outward observances of religion as Lord Chesterfield was. They show little or no interest in the emotional type of evangelism. They frankly regarded the whole attitude of certain religious leaders as displayed at Dayton, Tennessee, toward the findings of modern science, as highly amusing.

If these attitudes of mind and heart stamp one as irreligious, then the young people in the colleges are thrice guilty. But there are many of us who feel that all that has to do with the outside rather than "the inside of the cup." It has to do with the tithing of mint, anise, and cummin, rather than with the "weightier matters" of justice and mercy and truth. The religious impulse in these lively, and sometimes overconfident, youngsters, may seek other forms of expression than those which were current when I was a college student,

but I am sure that the impulse is there "in force," as military men would say. And I am also sure that it is a magnificent reality to be reckoned with in all the plans we make for the coming of the kingdom of God on earth.

· X ·

PULPIT SUPPLY

IN the summer of 1911, I preached for two months in Whitefield's Tabernacle on Tottenham Court Road, London. The pastor at that time was Charles Sylvester Horne, one of the ablest and most useful ministers among the Non-Conformists of England. He was making a trip to America and I took his pulpit while he was away.

He had made that church, located in one of the less attractive parts of London, a center of interest and an agent of wide usefulness in the lives of a great multitude of people. It was an every-day-in-the-week church, because its forms of service were many, varied, and appealing. The place of worship, without and within, was almost as homely as a freight shed, but the people loved it because it stood to them for light and cheer and hope.

For the first few weeks, the Englishmen in that congregation did not quite know what to make of

my simple, direct, somewhat unconventional way of doing it. They were exceedingly polite, in a kind of "hands across the sea" spirit, but they sat there looking at me as if they were saying, "Well, this is certainly the queerest sort of preaching we have ever listened to. But this is God's house, and it is our duty to be here. This man in the pulpit was invited by our pastor [whom they all but adored], and unless the church catches fire, we propose to stay through."

An old friend of mine in California used to say that he always felt that he was speaking effectively when more stayed in than went out. On those first Sundays at Whitefield's, London, I had need of some such reassuring thought to keep my spirits up. But with that admirable British tenacity, they stuck it out, and before the two months were gone they had apparently become quite reconciled to it and, in a guarded way, almost enthusiastic.

It was a church of the common people, but there was one very distinguished man in the congregation, Sir Herbert Cozzens-Hardy. He was Master of the Rolls, which is one of the highest legal positions in Great Britain. It carries with it a salary of something like thirty thousand dollars a year

with the privilege of retiring at a certain age into the Peerage when "the Master" becomes a "Lord." He had been appointed by a Conservative government, though he was himself a Liberal and a sturdy Non-Conformist. His daughter had married Silvester Horne, and, partly for family reasons, he attended Whitefield's.

He invited me to spend a week with him at his country place, Letheringsett Hall in Norfolk. He had a good car and a very reliable chauffeur, and during that time he took me over to Norwich to see the Cathedral and to many other points of interest in that section of England, which still shows so many signs of the Norman Conquest. He was a very gracious host, and for me it was a week of high privilege.

While I was in London that summer, I was invited one afternoon to a meeting of a "Clerical Club," made up of some twenty-five clergymen. They had asked George Bernard Shaw to have tea with them and to speak on "What Is Religion?" and then allow them to ask him questions. The meeting lasted for about three hours, and Mr. Shaw was talking in his brilliant style most of the time. It did not add a great deal to what I already knew

about religion, but to meet him personally and to hear him speak at such close range was an enjoyable experience. I had heard him speak on several occasions, and I had never been quite able to decide how far he expected people to take him seriously or how much of his general attitude was a pose. His constant habit of trying to be sententious, epigrammatic, and paradoxical, and the half-friendly, half-cynical look on his face while he is doing it, leave one in doubt. He certainly has one of the most clever minds to be found anywhere in this generation.

His latest play, *The Apple Cart*, has not been very successful. When it was brought out in London, Mr. Shaw was present at the "first night." The audience discovered him over at one side, and at the end of the second act there was a loud cry for the "author." Just as he walked out on the stage to say something, a man in the balcony hissed very audibly. Mr. Shaw looked up at him benevolently and said, "I feel exactly as you do about it, but what are two among so many?"

During that summer I rode fifteen hundred miles on a bicycle in the south of England—a week each in Essex, Norfolk, Warwick, Kent, Surrey, Sussex,

the Isle of Wight, and other southern counties. I would start out from London on Monday morning, returning Saturday afternoon to meet my preaching appointments next day. The roads were as smooth as bowling alleys, the weather was pleasant and the country lovely. I never attempted any "century runs" but would ride sixty or seventy miles a day, traveling in light cycling order, carrying my luggage on my wheel, staying preferably at the little country inns where I would often be the only guest over night. In that way I got off the beaten track, coming in touch with places and with people unspoiled by streams of tourists.

I talked with farmers, road-menders, innkeepers, villagers who came to the inn in the evening for "a glass." To all of them, my American accent was an interesting novelty. I saw many of the country places of the nobility, which as a rule are away from the railroads. The lodge-keeper, after I had chatted with him and had shown him the color of another shilling, would often give me permission to ride about the grounds, with the understanding that I was not to molest the flowers or the fruit. They were beautiful estates, but the World War, with the consequent income tax at a rate appalling to

the people of our land, has made a profound change in all that. I have seen twenty-three of the larger English cathedrals and have visited most of the principal points of interest—to me it is far and away the most attractive country in Europe.

One winter Dr. George A. Gordon of the Old South Church, Boston, went with his brother (who had been an officer in Kitchener's army when "the Sirdar" fought the Mahdi's forces at Omdurman and took Khartum) for a five months' trip through Egypt and Palestine. His trustees invited me to supply the pulpit of that famous church while their pastor was away. The church was organized in 1669 and has steadily borne its witness to the gospel of Christ for well-nigh three hundred years. More than any other minister in our Congregational fellowship, Dr. Gordon maintained the intellectual dignity of the pulpit, and for more than forty years made that church a place of power and of spiritual impartation. In that notable pastorate he followed Dr. Manning and was a real successor, in that he preserved the high traditions of the place and married Dr. Manning's daughter, showing himself in every way "master of the situation." Mrs. Gordon's

thoughtful kindness and that of the various members of the church made those five months while I was supplying the pulpit very happy ones for me.

When Dr. Charles E. Jefferson of the Broadway Tabernacle in New York made his first trip to Egypt and Palestine in 1912, his church officers engaged me to supply that pulpit for five months. The church is located at Broadway and Fifty-sixth Street, surrounded by automobile stores and high office buildings, with some huge apartment houses and family hotels near by. Dr. Jefferson was there from 1898 to 1930, and it is a tribute to his power as a stimulating, helpful preacher of the Gospel, that during all that period he made the Tabernacle an attractive place of worship and maintained a good congregation. I once heard Henry van Dyke say of him, "There is a man who is making runs off of his own batting."

He has been preëminently a Scriptural preacher of the gospel of Christ, never turning aside to cheap, sensational themes or methods in order to get a hearing. The joy I had in standing in his pulpit for those months was greatly increased by the fellowship I enjoyed with Walter C. Gale, who directed the music. He is a cultured Christian gentleman

and an organist in ten thousand. He plays "with the spirit and with the understanding"; he prays with his fingers and his feet, as well as with his mind and soul. He takes those people as they come in from Broadway with the air of the street in their lungs and in their minds, and then, by the power of his music, he softens and mellows their hearts, refines and enriches their spirits, until they are ready "to ascend into the hill of the Lord with clean hands and pure hearts." One cannot preach nor pray in a vacuum. The atmosphere which a skilled organist creates, by the use he makes of the noblest musical instrument which the mind of man has been able to devise, is invaluable in any service of worship.

For four months I supplied the pulpit of Central Church, Boston, which has perhaps the most beautiful place of worship possessed by the Congregationalists in this country. I have heard architects speak of it as having "the most perfect Gothic spire in America." Oliver Wendell Holmes (who lived over on Beacon Street, only a few blocks away) used to refer to the spire of this church as "the loveliest bit of architecture to be found anywhere in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts." The interior

of that church also is exquisite, and it had at that time an unusually thoughtful, responsive congregation.

During the interim between the pastorates of Dr. John Henry Jowett and Dr. John Kelman, I supplied for a time the pulpit of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York. It has one of the most perfect auditoriums in which I have ever spoken. It seats over two thousand people, yet one's voice speaking in a conversational tone is heard easily in every part of it. This is the church where the warm-hearted Irish eloquence of Dr. John Hall, as a preacher of divine truth, did so much to win and to hold a great congregation.

For the last fourteen years, I have supplied the pulpit of the Collegiate Church of St. Nicholas (Reformed) at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Forty-eighth street, New York, during the month of September. The pastor, Dr. Malcolm J. MacLeod, does not return from his summer vacation as a rule until the first of October. The Collegiate Church is the oldest church in the United States with a continuous ministry. Its services were begun in the Colony of New Amsterdam in 1626, the congregation gathering in a loft over the horse mill. The

first minister arrived and the church was organized in 1628, the first church edifice being erected five years later. Theodore Roosevelt worshiped in this church as a boy, and the pew where he sat, now marked with a modest tablet, is always an object of interest to strangers who worship there.

For ten years I preached for six or eight Sunday evenings each spring, usually during the season of Lent, in the United Church of New Haven, which became widely known when Theodore T. Munger was its pastor. There are very few Sunday evening services maintained by the churches in this conservative old city of Connecticut. The fact that the United Church stands less than a stone's throw from the Yale campus with its six thousand students and that it is at the very center of the city, made it a place of real opportunity. While I was conducting those evening services, I arranged my college preaching in the morning so that I would be near enough to return to New Haven at night.

I have preached in a number of Jewish Synagogues, in New Haven, in New York, and in California. If the Rabbis generously invite us, why not? We read of the Master that "it was his custom to enter the Synagogue on the Sabbath Day." How

we would have enjoyed being there that day in Nazareth when "He stood up to read the lesson from the Prophet Isaiah" and "closed the book," and gave the address!

I preached once in an Orthodox Synagogue in California where all the men sat on one side and all the women on the other, where the men all wore their hats, the Rabbi, the organist, the men in the choir, and the men in the congregation. When I went there to give the sermon at their Friday night service—the commencement of the Jewish Sabbath, which begins at sundown—the Rabbi said to me, "We wear our hats in this synagogue, but you will not need to do that unless you choose." I assured him that if he came to speak in my church, I would expect him to take off his hat. In his place of worship, it would be my pleasure to conform to their custom. I therefore stood up that night preaching a sermon on the struggle of Jacob with that unseen presence at the Brook Jabbok, with my hat on—a thing I had never done before.

I have been most grateful for the privilege of entering these various pulpits, many of them not of my own particular faith. A man need not abate one jot nor one tittle of his personal convictions

nor surrender his preferences in the matter of ritual, by accepting and cultivating this wider fellowship of aspiration. The world has had quite enough of that theological strife and bigoted contention which sets Christians over against one another in hostile camps. It may please the devil, who likes to see religious people fighting each other when they might all be fighting him, but I am sure it brings no joy to the heart of Him who prayed that we might "all be one," even as He and the Father are one. Not "one" in the sense of being brought into a single, visible organization, but "one," in "the unity of the spirit, in the bond of peace, in righteousness of life" and in a common loyalty and coöperation for the bringing-in of that kingdom which is not dogma nor ritual nor polity, but righteousness and peace and joy in the divine spirit.

· XI ·

LECTURES

THERE has been a steady increase, chiefly during the last forty years, of foundations for special lectureships in the colleges and universities of this country. Generous friends have contributed funds, the income to be used in bringing to these institutions men who have attained some measure of distinction in their respective fields of study. In many cases the funds have been sufficient to warrant the inviting of scholars of renown, both in the field of science and in that of letters, from Great Britain and from the Continent of Europe, to give courses of lectures in our American Colleges. The students in our various institutions have thus been able to broaden their outlook by hearing words of wisdom and of inspiration from men who have won for themselves places of leadership in the larger world of thought.

The same wise purpose has been achieved also

by the familiar method of "exchange professorships." Men of high attainment and of unusual teaching ability have been encouraged to spend a third or a half of the college year occasionally in giving instruction in other faculties by this system of exchanges. It would be most unfortunate if our intercollegiate contacts should be limited solely, or even mainly, to athletic events. It is desirable and profitable that provision be made for the constant interchange of ideas and methods in the great republic of letters, embracing as it does all the intelligent kingdoms of the world.

When I was a pastor in California, I was invited in the spring of 1906 to give the Yale Lectures on Preaching on the Lyman Beecher Foundation. This lectureship was founded in 1871 by Henry W. Sage of New York, "to secure a more perfect preparation of young men for preaching, as the highest act of the Christian ministry, by providing for them in addition to their general and professional studies, a course of practical instruction in the art of preaching, to be given by those actively engaged in the practice of it."

I had been interested for years in expository preaching, as an appropriate method of bringing

religious truth to a congregation, and also in the application of Christian principles to industrial conditions. It seemed possible to combine both of these interests in that course of lectures. I therefore included in them a brief study of the book of *Exodus* (dealing mainly with its social appeal as "the story of an ancient labor movement") as an illustration of this method of relating Scripture to modern life. I called the lectures, eight of them in number, *The Social Message of the Modern Pulpit*, and they were published by Scribner's under that title. So far as I know it was the first attempt made to study *Exodus* in just that way. The book had a good sale, and I think it proved suggestive to many of my brother ministers.

When Yale Divinity School came to celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of its founding, in the year 1922, my colleagues on the Faculty invited me to give a second series of Lyman Beecher Lectures. For thirty years we had had no set of lectures on that foundation dealing directly with the technique of preaching. It seemed fitting therefore, that as a teacher of homiletics and one whose main office had been that of preaching, I should take up in a more intimate way the making of a sermon.

This course of lectures was published under the title *The Art of Preaching*. I believe now with all my heart, as I believed forty-two years ago when I was first ordained, that to preach the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ is the highest office and the most alluring interest to which any human being can be called. The true sermon, in order to achieve the high purpose for which it is designed, should therefore, in the best sense of that abused phrase, be "a work of art."

Washington Gladden was pastor of the First Congregational Church in Columbus, Ohio, for more than thirty years and, for the greater part of that time, the first citizen of the city where he made his home. After his death, some of his friends established a foundation yielding a generous income, providing for the delivery of a series of lectures each year in that city, to be known as the "Washington Gladden Lectures." They were to deal "with some of the fundamentals of Christian belief in popular rather than in technical terms."

In 1923 the trustees of the Fund honored me with an invitation to give the first series of lectures on that foundation. They were six in number and

I called them *Why I Believe in Religion*. They were published under that title, and I dedicated them "To the memory of Washington Gladden, Minister of the Gospel, Prophet of Social Righteousness, Christian Statesman, a Man of Faith and Hope and Love."

With the consent of the trustees of both foundations, the same lectures were delivered the following winter as the "Earl Lectures" in Berkeley, California. Edwin T. Earl, who established that foundation with a generous endowment in connection with the Pacific School of Religion, had been at the time a member of the Church of which I was the pastor in Oakland. He established this lectureship, as he stated in the deed of gift, "for the purpose of a certain higher evangelism at the seat of the University of California." The President of the University, William Wallace Campbell, widely known for his eminent service to the science of astronomy by his work at the Lick Observatory on Mt. Hamilton, introduced me at the opening of this course of lectures. His own cordial attitude and the large attendance of both professors and students made it a rare opportunity for me to speak regarding some of the essentials of our common Christian faith.

In 1893, Miss Caroline Haskell Ingersoll established a lectureship at Harvard University in memory of her father. This foundation provided for the delivery at Harvard in each college year of "a lecture to be named and known as the Ingersoll lecture on the Immortality of Man." Twenty-six lectures have already been given in this series. The foundation provided also for the publication, and, with a certain limitation, for the gratuitous distribution, of each lecture in book form.

The first of these lectures was given by Dr. George A. Gordon, a graduate of Harvard and for forty-three years the noted and beloved pastor of the Old South Church, Boston, on "Immortality and the New Theodicy." This lectureship had been filled by other eminent men, such as William James, Josiah Royce, John Fiske, George Herbert Palmer, G. Lowes Dickinson, and Dr. William Osler. But in the process of time it gradually worked down from the heights of scholarship to sea-level where I had been doing my more modest work. In 1920 I received an invitation from President Lowell to deliver this Ingersoll lecture on Immortality. I called it "Living Again," and it was delivered in Emer-

son Hall at Harvard. The invitation was an honor which I have highly prized.

At the University of North Carolina, provision was made many years ago for the delivery each year of the John Calvin McNair lectures. The object of these lectures (as stated in the deed of gift) was to show "the mutual bearing of science and theology upon each other," and to "prove the existence of the attributes of God (as far as may be) from Nature." The wording of that sentence in the foundation is rather disconcerting to any man who has never received a scientific training. Had I undertaken to deal with any branch of modern science in its bearing upon religion, I should have felt like a fish out of water. I might have been conscious of possessing the rudiments perhaps of gills and fins, but I should have been painfully aware that I was not equipped with either lungs or legs when it came to the discussion of any of the problems of science.

In his invitation, however, President H. W. Chase generously assured me that the words of the foundation had been construed somewhat broadly, so that men of Christian faith could, within the borders of their own fields of study, present discussions

bearing directly upon the great interest of religion. In alternate years, the appointment was offered to scholars whose work had lain immediately in some branch of science. Then in the other years the subject of religion had been approached from different angles.

This was one of the "off years," and in 1926 I was permitted to bring a contribution from my own line of goods, which is religion. I called it *A Working Faith*. There were three of the lectures, and the little book which was published by the University Press of North Carolina bears that title. The days I spent at Chapel Hill, speaking to those Southern students and in the enjoyment of the gracious hospitality of various members of the faculty, were days of delight.

The year I came to Yale, I was invited to give a course of five lectures in Teachers College, Columbia University. The audience was large each day by the actual counting of heads, but when I thought of all those men and women going forth as teachers in our public schools, touching the lives of countless boys and girls at the most impressionable period of their development, the size of that

audience in real significance took on even more splendid proportions.

The words of President Nicholas Murray Butler, as he uttered them at my first appearance and as he wrote them later in the Introduction to the little book which contains the lectures, I have always treasured: "In the break-up of conventional ideas, which has been so marked a characteristic of the generation in which we live, many intelligent men and women have lost the clue to the meaning of religion and to its significance for human life. They have been led hither and yon by strange and often superficial teachings which frequently confuse without enlightening. These addresses by a consummate master of the art of expression and by a religious teacher of vigorous and independent mind, are offered as a corrective to teachings of another kind." The lectures were published the following year in a book called *The Modern Man's Religion*, which is now out of print.

A former pastor of Central Church, Worcester, Massachusetts, established the Merriman Lecture-ship, providing that every year two evening lectures, free to the public, should be given in that church on some phase of the general subject "The Mutual

Relation of the Christian Church and Society.” These lectures have been given by such men as President Eliot of Harvard and President King of Oberlin, Francis G. Peabody, Shailer Matthews, Charles E. Jefferson, and Harry Emerson Fosdick. I have been invited to give this course of lectures twice, with a ten-year interval between. The first time I spoke on “The Christian Church and Industry,” and in the second course on “The Church in This Modern World.”

I have given courses of five lectures each on “The Art of Preaching” at the convocation of Bangor Theological Seminary in 1914, at the United Theological College in Montreal (where Anglicans, Presbyterians, Wesleyans, and Congregationalists have wisely and effectively pooled their interests for the training of men for the ministry), and at the summer school for negro ministers at Hampton Institute in Virginia.

In the winter of 1921, when we were all burdened and bewildered beyond measure by the frightful heritage left us by the World War, I gave the Mendenhall Lectures at De Pauw University in Greencastle, Indiana. I took for my theme *Social Rebuilders*, speaking on “The Labor Leader Who

Freed the Slaves," "The Prophet Who Fought a Wicked King," "The Herdsman Who Preached Social Justice," "The Man Who Exalted Righteousness above Ritual," and "The Leader in a Day of Social Rebuilding." I based the discussion of those topics upon what the Old Testament tells us about Moses, Elijah, Amos, Isaiah, and Nehemiah.

When they were published in book form, the President of the University, Dr. George R. Grose, wrote these generous words about them as a preface: "The chief distinction of this little book is that it is a voice crying in the wilderness of confusion and desire, showing a way out. The author is a modern prophet with a message of God for the time. He gives in these lectures a discriminating appraisal of present-day social and industrial conditions. He interprets the message of the old Hebrew seers with rare spiritual insight and proclaims their religion as the only hope for the rebuilding of the world. Coming from the ranks of the toiling masses, Dean Brown speaks not as a partisan but with a broad sympathy. This volume breathes with passionate eloquence for the humanizing of industry, for the moralizing of social relations and for Christianizing the whole of life." The book is still selling and

I trust that in a modest way it may have helped some people in the long, hard task of rebuilding a world which was torn to pieces by the World War.

In the spring of 1929, I gave the John C. Shaffer lectures at Northwestern University. This foundation provides for three lectures annually upon some aspect of the life and work of Jesus Christ. I chose for my subject *The Master—His Method, His Message, His Manhood*, and discussed the way He worked, the truth He taught, and the character He showed. One of the chief satisfactions I had in giving this course was the opportunity it offered me for being brought into closer relations with my good friend Ernest F. Tittle, pastor of the First Methodist Episcopal Church in Evanston, Illinois, where the lectures were delivered. He is an outstanding figure in the American pulpit, a man of deep and beautiful Christian devotion, whose influence for good upon that campus (which lies within his own parish), upon the life of Greater Chicago, and upon the nation cannot readily be measured.

While I was living in California, I was asked to spend two weeks at Cornell University in giving two courses of three lectures each. The first was on

Some Social Problems—"The Modern Labor Union," "The Outlook for Scientific Socialism," "The Church and the Social Question." The other was on *Modern Bible Study*—"The Line of Approach," "The Positive Value of Criticism to the Bible," "The Layman's Use of the Bible."

The first President of Cornell, Andrew D. White, was still living there. He attended all of those evening lectures and invited me several times to his home. I happened to be preaching again at Cornell in the autumn of 1914, after the World War had begun. Dr. White invited me to take supper with him that evening. He was one of our most eminent Yale alumni, a scholar, a writer of distinction, and a statesman. He had been our Ambassador to Germany and also our Ambassador to Russia. He had known personally and intimately the Czar, Nicholas II, and Emperor William II. He was ready and competent to talk about the issues and the personalities involved in that terrible struggle. As he talked along for the space of two hours, in his own keen, discriminating fashion, I have rarely known a more stimulating and instructive evening in my whole life.

I have never tried to become what is known as a "popular lecturer." The field was open and the bars were down into Chautauqua circuits and other like chances for public utterance, but I have been too busy with other matters which seemed more vital. I have now and then given a few lectures here and there upon "The Greatest Man of the Nineteenth Century" (to which reference is made in another connection), "The Man Who Stood Four Square"—Benjamin Franklin, "Somewhere East of Suez," "Days in Japan," "Days in Russia," "Anthony Trollope, the Best of Them all" (the best of all the Victorian novelists, I meant), "The Best Use of Knowledge," "What We Live By," and "The Literary Beauty of the Bible." With the numerous clubs and societies calling for some sort of public address as the last course in an evening's entertainment, almost any man who has something to say, and who can say it without being too long about it, and without using up too much of the English language in the process, can be sure of having his day in court.

It is fortunate that talk is not fatal to the bystanders—had it been, the poor world would have been talked to death long ago. In spite of all that the

movies and the radio have brought within everybody's reach, it is still true that any man who can "take the parts of speech and make them lie down and roll over and jump through paper hoops" may be sure of a hearing. And with all that bewildering, overwhelming supply of "reading matter" (how painfully accurate that phrase is in this particular connection) which lies heavy upon the newsstands and causes even the shelves of libraries to groan under their burdens, "the word made flesh" and appearing before our eyes with whatever measure "of grace and truth" it can show, has still its own power of appeal.

Dean Inge says, "There are three forms under which thought, like all chemical substances, may be presented—solid, liquid, and gaseous." The first is for learned college professors writing dull, dry treatises for and at each other. The second is for books which are meant to be read. And the third is for an audience, where the words of a man's mouth and the meditation of his mind "go on the air." In spite of all its competitors, the third still bids fair to hold its own.

• XII •

LABOR CONTACTS

NO country boy, however many years he may spend later in the cities, ever feels that there is anything strange or unworthy about earning one's bread by the labor of his hands and in the sweat of his brow. He makes no effort to keep himself simple, natural, democratic—it just does not occur to him that such an attitude of economic snobbishness ever could develop.

Why should it develop! The One, whose name is above every name, was emphatically an outdoor man, with the smell of the soil in his garments and the accents of farm life in his daily speech. He worked with his hands in the shop of a carpenter: he knew the feel of wood and of tools. He was no Matthew Arnold discoursing (sometimes rather superciliously) about “sweetness and light” with a polite scorn for “the barbarians” of ordinary life. “The common people heard him gladly,” for he

spoke their language. They felt at once that He had borne their burdens and knew their sorrows.

I have been deeply interested in the various labor movements from the days of Powderly and Samuel Gompers on to these more recent times. I have studied the workings of various strikes and have attended a great many labor-union meetings. In my judgment, there must come a more democratic spirit in the control of the great industries if we are to avoid a smash which would cost us dearly. Every man, millionaire or hod-carrier, is consulted as to who shall be mayor, governor, President of the United States. He is consulted as to who shall compose the city council, the legislature, the national Congress. He has to live under laws made and executed by these officials.

But touching that which affects his welfare, and that of his family, much more intimately and steadily, the workingman oftentimes has nothing to say. He is offered employment—sometimes, not always—on certain terms, and told that he can “take it or leave it,” and that is all there is about it. He is not consulted touching the methods and conditions which affect his employment in that industry. He is not called in conference, either personally or

through his representatives, touching those policies which so largely determine the spirit and temper in which his work is done. And that is the main reason why he is often "sore"—he has been treated as "a hand" and not as a man.

When I was in California, I said one day to a labor leader that I wished I could attend the meetings of the unions occasionally. "You can," he replied. "Haven't you a Ministers' Union here in the city—I have seen references to it in the papers? If your Union will elect a delegate to the Central Labor Council, we will give him a seat and a voice and a vote, as we would to the representative of any other union."

We had a "Ministers' Union," made up of all the Protestant pastors in the city. We met occasionally for fellowship and to plan for coöperation in our religious work. I reported this conversation at the next meeting of our Union, and my brother ministers were good enough to elect me—and to reëlect me for six years—as their delegate. The Central Labor Council was composed of delegates from all the labor-unions—carpenters, brick-layers, stone-masons, plumbers, painters, plasterers, printers, teamsters, cooks, waiters and all the rest—in

a population there on the east side of the Bay of about two hundred and fifty thousand people. It met every Monday night, and I began to attend.

I was duly presented and accepted, and I signed the Constitution and By-Laws, which contained nothing alarming. The men looked me over, rather critically at first, wondering whether I had anything up my sleeve. I kept quiet for weeks, listening and looking on until I might learn what the trump was before trying to play my own hand. When they recognized the fact that I had not come with the idea of converting all the Jews into Christians, or all the Catholics into Protestants, but was there simply as a fellow-man, interested in justice, fairness, and fraternity for everybody, they took me to their hearts. During all those years I enjoyed immensely my contacts with those workingmen who represented the various trades. And when I left California, I had no warmer friends anywhere, not even in my own church, than some of those men whom I had come to know in that Labor Council.

They were good enough to remember my maiden speech on the floor of the Council and to refer to it occasionally. There was a strike in progress among the men employed in the distilleries of Kentucky

and Southern Ohio. While wages were good, the men felt that the hours and conditions in those distilleries were "unfair"—so they had struck. They had sent out a circular letter to every labor-union in the United States, asking all members to boycott the products of those particular establishments. The letter was read and comments made upon it before the vote was taken.

I felt that this might be a good time for me to break the ice. I got up and addressed the chair. The moment I began to speak, the members of the Council became very attentive, because I had not opened my lips before since the night I had taken my seat as a delegate. I assured them that so far as I could understand conditions in those distilleries of Kentucky and Ohio, where the men had made their protest, I was in sympathy with that protest; and I would be glad to pledge all the members of my Union not to drink any of those particular brands of whisky, so long as that strike was in operation. This helped them perhaps to feel that I was a human being like the rest of them, and after that the sense of friendliness developed more rapidly.

While I held that position, I was asked a number of times to serve on boards or committees of arbi-

tration when a strike was threatened or was actually in progress. Sometimes I was asked by one side and sometimes by the other, and on one occasion by both sides. The women and girls in the steam laundries were working ten hours a day, often in steam-filled rooms with a sad lack of fresh air, and in places where the toilet conveniences for the men and for the women were unbecoming to any modest-minded person. The union had called them out, and the people of the city could not get their clothes washed.

The Laundrymen's Association (the employers) agreed with the women to submit the matter to me for arbitration. We met early in the evening and I heard the two sides and we discussed it until midnight. The employers were represented by a man who was an Irish Roman Catholic and the laundry workers were represented by three young women, all of whom I learned later were members of that same communion. Yet here they were arguing out their differences before me, a Protestant clergyman!

This might have seemed what the English would call "a bit thick," but we got on famously. Before we reached the end of the conference, the representative of the employers had agreed that more

suitable sanitary conveniences should be installed at once and better ventilation provided, and that the working hours per day should be reduced. The committee from the union made certain agreements, and thus a satisfactory settlement was reached and the women went back to work within twenty-four hours. When the conference was over, they all shook hands with me, thanking me most warmly for my part in the matter. Naturally all the time and effort I gave to these affairs was a labor of love. I did not want any pay—I felt that it was well for me, as a servant of the One who came to preach “peace on earth and good will among men,” to be there.

On another occasion the printers—pressmen, linotype-men and all—were contemplating a strike. We had just two afternoon papers in Oakland, and the printers felt that they were being unfairly used by both of them. The management of the two papers and the men agreed to submit the questions at issue to a committee of three, one to be chosen by each side and the two of them to agree upon a third. The management of the two papers chose John P. Irish, who had been himself a newspaper proprietor, who was then an editorial writer on another paper, and

who was an outspoken opponent of all labor-unions. The printers chose me.

When we came to arrange for a room for the hearing of this case, there seemed to me no place at either of the two newspaper establishments which would serve. The two papers went to press just after lunch, the hearings were to be held in the afternoon when the men were free, and the printers wanted their people to attend. I suggested that they meet in the parish house of my church—I had consulted my trustees, who cordially assented—and this offer was accepted. One of the newspaper proprietors said that he guessed “it would be the first time some of those printers’ devils had been in church for some time.” They came in numbers, and we felt that it was good for the church, as well as for them, to have such a conference held within the walls of a place of worship.

The conference lasted for five afternoons. A good part of the “showings” and arguments was submitted in writing, and I sat up nights to go over them carefully. Again the two parties were gradually brought into more considerate attitudes toward each other, concessions were made by both sides,

and proposals were developed for the carrying-on of that industry in a more satisfactory way. At last an agreement was reached to which both sides assented. The men continued at their work and the daily papers came out as usual. As an expression of the printers' appreciation of my services in this case, I was elected a life member of the Typographical Union of America and given a duly signed and sealed certificate to that effect, which I still cherish among my treasures.

While I was in California I was asked to write a series of four articles for the *California Weekly* (which had at that time a wide circulation throughout the State) on *The Modern Labor Union*. I discussed these four topics: "The Underlying Principle," which naturally was collective bargaining! "The Opposition to Unionism," which was plentiful on the Pacific Coast in those days as it is now! "The Economic Failure of Unregulated Selfishness," which is so apparent, even to a wayfaring man or a fool, that as he runs he may read the fateful judgments which await the spirit of greed! "The Advance in Peaceful Negotiation," which is the most hopeful symptom to be noted in the present

industrial unrest! It is steadily on the increase, as men on this side and on that of the controversy learn to look not merely on their own things but also upon the things of others.

The publication of these four articles brought me a lot of letters, some of them approving, many of them disapproving, but all of them friendly! The general feeling expressed seemed to be that it was well for a minister of religion to be concerned about the conditions which obtain on the six days when people "labor and do all their work" as well as about the conditions they find when they have a day of rest to worship the Lord in his holy temple. People will not be saved by sermons and sacraments on Sunday, unless they are also being saved on all the other six days of the week by the work they do, by the conditions under which they do it, and by the spirit and temper they develop in the doing of it.

In 1919 there was a serious strike in the textile industry in the city of Lawrence, Massachusetts. It had been going on for several months. The men and women who had been employed in those mills were in sore straits, and they were fighting desperately to better the conditions of their toil.

There had been considerable violence. Men had been brutally clubbed by the police. So honest and peace-loving a man as A. J. Muste, who had gone there to investigate conditions at first hand, was knocked down on the street by an officer. Muste, being a pacifist, did not strike back. The officer was not punished and, so far as I know, was not even reprimanded for his own lawlessness in clubbing a man who was entirely within his rights in passing quietly along the street, even though that man did sympathize with his toiling fellows. I talked with the judge before whom Muste was arraigned—he said, “There was nothing on which to hold the man.”

The wages paid for a ten-hour day of labor had been pitifully small. It was brought out at a hearing in the State House at Boston that many of the men had been trying to support themselves and their families on an average wage of fifteen dollars a week. It was also brought out at that same hearing that the salary of the President of the American Woolen Company was one hundred thousand dollars a year. When the latter was asked on the witness stand how many automobiles he owned, he replied, rather contemptuously, that he had so many that he did not know how many of them there were.

These conditions do not make for industrial peace and good will.

The Committee on Social Relations of the State Conference of Congregational Churches in Massachusetts asked me to go to Lawrence, investigate conditions there (about which so much had been said in the newspapers), and make a report to the Conference, which was to meet two months later. I spent nearly a week at Lawrence. I had letters of introduction which enabled me to meet and talk with four of the superintendents of the mills. I attended a number of meetings of the striking employees and heard their side of it. I talked with various citizens of Lawrence who had been on the ground throughout the whole trouble.

It is too long a story to relate here in detail. My sympathies were altogether with the working people, and I believed that they had right and justice on their side. I made a carefully considered report in writing to the State Conference. It provoked a very lively and heated discussion, for the mill operators had their friends and supporters. But it was finally adopted, not unanimously, but by a substantial majority. It was printed in full in our denominational paper and was published by the Con-

ference in pamphlet form and sent out widely among the Congregational churches of the State.

After presenting the results of my investigation as to wages, hours, mill conditions, the living conditions of the mill employees, and the general attitude of the community regarding the questions at issue, I concluded my report with these words: "The city of Lawrence has been brought into reproach by policies of greed and by acts of violence. But the sin is not simply the sin of those who have arranged the wage scales or thrown the rocks. As some one has said in another connection, 'It is the sin of the churches which have failed in their preaching of brotherhood, and the sin of the schools which have failed in their teaching of social responsibility, and the sin of the civil authorities which have failed to make the powers that be the agents of righteousness, and the sin of all of us, whose omissions and commissions go to make up that mysterious force which we call public opinion, which here, as often in the past, has proved itself impotent for good. If we had been the men we should have been, the evil thing could never have happened.' It is for the organized forces of Christianity to set themselves more resolutely and in-

telligently for the removal of that personal and corporate sin which lies back of the pain and dishonor of Lawrence"—and of many another community.

· XIII ·

TRAVEL

“THE rolling stone gathers no moss,” but it gathers experience and polish, which are more to be desired than much fine moss. I was a country boy, and from the time I was a year old until I was twenty-one, I had never even been in a city large enough to have street-cars. We lived two hundred and fifty miles west of Chicago, and some of the boys and girls with whom I played had seen that great Babylon of our childish dreams, but to me it was still an undiscovered country. I used to wonder if I should ever know the joys of travel.

My chance came later. I have crossed this continent from ocean to ocean, all the way from Boston to Hollywood, just sixty times, so that the injunction “See America first” has in it no rebuke for me. I have crossed the Atlantic ten times and the Pacific Ocean twice, and have made two additional voyages from San Francisco to Hawaii and

from Seattle to Alaska. I have made eleven different voyages on the Mediterranean, the Red Sea, and the Indian Ocean.

I have seen a good deal of salt water. It is all very much alike, except that in the tropics the blues and the greens are much more vivid than under the gray skies of the north. In a storm, the face of Neptune anywhere is black and ugly, as if he were angry. I have never been seasick, and I love the wide spaces of the ocean. I can enter readily into the mood of that ancient singer who said that the calm, unhurried "judgments of the Lord are a great deep" and "the voice of the Lord upon the sea is like the sound of many waters." With the exception of the three Scandinavian countries, Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, I have been in all the countries of Europe, including Spain, Russia, and the Balkan States. I have also seen something of the Orient in Egypt, Palestine, and Syria, in India and Ceylon, in Japan and China.

Short trips of two or three months each are more rewarding than one great, grand twelve-month tour around the world. When I have been traveling in foreign parts for a couple of months, I usually feel that I have had about all the *hors*

d'œuvres and holy families, all the Christian cathedrals and heathen temples, I can stand. I am fed up. I have reached the saturation point and have no room left for any more first-class thrills. The heartiest eater would not relish three Christmas dinners in rapid succession on a single day, and the same sound principle applies to one's intake of mental and spiritual satisfactions.

I have never been "personally conducted"—God forbid!—nor have I ever subjected myself to the officious direction of a voluble and bossy courier. This independence has sometimes meant a bit of inconvenience, but it has also meant learning the geography, the currency, and the methods of transportation of each country visited, as well as the habits of life, moods, and dispositions of the people, in a way which those who are piloted about in parties know not of.

I traveled alone one summer in Russia when I knew but two words of that difficult language. Their alphabet has in it thirty-four letters, many of them strange to us, which gives even well-known proper names an unfamiliar look when seen in print. The verbal resemblances which aid one in traveling in France, Italy, or Germany with an imperfect knowl-

edge of the language, are entirely wanting in Russia.

When I started out the first morning from my hotel in St. Petersburg—I was there in 1908—I asked the porter, who knew English, to write in Russian on the fly-leaf of my guide-book the names of half a dozen places I planned to visit that day—the Winter Palace, the Hermitage Gallery, the fortress of Peter and Paul, the place where the first Douma met—intending to show them to the cabmen, thus indicating where I wanted to go.

When I showed this list to a cabman and pointed to the first name, he shook his head. I tried another and another and another, with the same result. None of them could read. I then hit upon this expedient—I went to the nearest place where they sold picture postcards and bought cards of all those places. When I showed one of these to a cabman and pointed to myself, we arrived instantly at an understanding. They could not read, but they could look at and appreciate the meaning of the pictures. I used this method in all of the Russian cities I visited.

It once led to an amusing experience. I had learned from the porter, before leaving the hotel,

where I could get a street-car which would take me to the Tauritsky Palace. I could not read the signs on the different cars but I would show my picture to the conductor—if that was the right car, he would take me on; if not, he would shake his head. I boarded a street-car where the conductor had accepted me for the destination indicated on my postcard. I noticed that as soon as I had paid my fare and was seated, he began to talk about me to a young woman sitting near. He would point to me, as he talked, and she would look me over with answering intelligence. I supposed that he was telling her about this funny American, who was feeling his way around their city with his handful of pictures.

After we had gone along for a mile or more, the car stopped and the young woman started to get off, beckoning to me to follow. I looked inquiringly at the conductor, and he nodded his approval. She looked entirely respectable, but I was a married man and a clergyman, and I did not want to do anything indiscreet, even in Russia. It was broad daylight, however, and I was interested in finding out what it all meant.

I got off and followed her—she was about a rod

in advance but would look around occasionally to see if I was coming. We walked for three or four squares, when she hailed another street-car and beckoned to me to get aboard with her. She spoke with that conductor, presenting him two transfers which she had taken on the other car, and evidently telling him where I wanted to go. And in five minutes more we were in front of the Tauritsky Palace, where he—and she—motioned for me to get off! I learned later that the track of the first street-car line I had taken was torn up for repairs, a few blocks from the place where we got off, and it was necessary for me to make this detour to reach my destination. This was a sample of the thoughtful kindness which I experienced everywhere among the Russian people.

I once witnessed an impressive burial service at sea. I was crossing the Pacific on the Japanese ship "Chiyo Maru." A Japanese passenger in the steerage had died, and the captain, knowing my interest in things religious, told me that the body would be buried the next morning at sunrise by a Buddhist priest who was aboard, according to the ritual of that faith.

An altar had been arranged on the aft deck with the customary offerings to the deity of fruit and flowers. There was a considerable number of Japanese gathered about, with a sprinkling of other races. The Buddhist priest wore the robes of his office, and when he had completed the ritual (which was entirely strange to most of us), he turned his face toward the rising sun and gave the sign for the casting-off of the body, heavily wrapped and shotted, into the sea. The captain gave the signal for the stopping of the ship. Immediately six of the Japanese sailors took up the body and with every mark of thoughtful respect, lowered it to the water's edge and then cast it off. It would sink, the Captain told me, to a depth of several miles (we were in mid-ocean) to find its resting place at the bottom of the sea. It brought to my mind those words from our own Scripture, "Whither shall I go from thy Spirit? Whither shall I flee from thy presence? If I take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there thy hand shall lead me and thy right hand hold me."

The most pathetic attempt at a religious observance which I have ever seen in any part of the

world was that of the dancing dervishes at Cairo thirty-odd years ago. The priests, in a balcony overlooking the open platform where the dervishes were assembled, first chanted a weird litany. The dervishes knelt in prayer, after which they began to march around in a circle in stately fashion. Then at a given signal, they began to whirl, just as foolish children sometimes do in their play in order to become dizzy. The older ones moved slowly, but the younger and more vigorous participants in that exercise whirled rapidly until they would fall in a kind of frenzy or paroxysm.

In that ecstatic condition, they believed that special gifts of divine wisdom and grace were imparted to them. They seemed quite oblivious of the spectators, wearing the look of devotees—and this solemn earnestness, so misguided in its effort to know and to please God, added to the pathos of the scene. When the physical side of religious observance gets to the fore, obscuring the moral and spiritual values which religion is meant to serve, the sadness of it quite overshadows the grotesque aspects of such a spectacle.

In the great museum at Cairo, one may see the very faces and forms of some of “the kings who

knew not Joseph” and are therefore accused of having dealt harshly with the poor Hebrews. The relics of that ancient and mighty civilization are there spread out before the eyes of the scholar or the traveler, so that being dead it yet speaketh. The ornaments, implements, utensils, furniture, tapestries, and mural decorations of those ancient Egyptian kings, as well as their head contours and facial outlines, are all there.

When we crossed the Nile from Luxor to visit “the tombs of the kings,” hidden away among the sand-hills which skirt the vast desert, deeply buried underground, we thought of the irony of history. Those dear old chaps had made such careful, costly arrangements for their embalming and had also built huge structures like the pyramids to serve as their tombs! They little thought that the remains sometimes hidden away in those lonely situations would be hustled out of their stately resting places to be laid in rows on exhibition for the gratification of endless streams of tourists with guide-books in their hands.

This studied and expensive care for the dead body, as something to be needed later, is however a startling testimony to their belief in a future

life. They wanted to keep the physical organism in shape and carefully preserved, as a man might fold his dress-suit and lay it away in moth-balls against the day when it would be worn again. It may be that this fantastic, materialistic conception of personal continuance was one reason why we find in the teachings of Moses, who "had been trained in all the learning of the Egyptians," it is said, no reference whatever to a future life. It may be that he left all that until the Israelites should have gotten quite away from the Egyptian notion of bodily continuance and would therefore be prepared to accept a more wholesome view of immortality. "Flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God, neither doth corruption inherit incorruption. We shall all be changed."

I was on the Indian Ocean on my way to Bombay in 1928, when Armistice Day came. It was a Scotch ship of the Anchor Line, and the week before, the purser had asked me to conduct the Armistice Day service. He planned to have it in the open air on the forward deck, for November weather on the Indian Ocean is more than mild. He arranged to have the ship's orchestra play

Chopin's "Funeral March" and lead in the singing of the hymns. He said that forty-three officers of the British Army, on their way out to join their commands, would stand at the right of the platform in full uniform, wearing the decorations which they had won in the World War. At the left, there would be eighty Marines in their white uniforms, going out to join a British warship in the Persian Gulf. He was inviting the second cabin passengers also to attend the service, and he thought there would be six hundred people present.

I felt honored as an American clergyman to be asked to conduct this service, but I suggested that in view of the many different faiths and races represented by the ship's company, I would like to broaden the scope of it by inviting a Roman Catholic priest, whom I had seen aboard, to offer the prayer and an Anglican clergyman, with whom I had become personally acquainted, to read the Scripture, while I would make the address and take the other parts of the service. This was entirely agreeable to the purser, and this arrangement was carried out.

When the bugle sounded for the service, it was a strange, significant audience upon which I looked

out. Here were people from half the countries of Europe, with a sprinkling of Americans! Here were Arabs and Egyptians, Greeks and Armenians, Chinese, Japanese, Malays, Parthians, Medes, and the dwellers in Mesopotamia! Here was a group of wealthy Parsees from Bombay, and Indian young men who had been taking their degrees at the universities of Great Britain and the United States! Here were forty missionaries of all the various faiths! Here were men in civil service in India, returning from their furloughs in England! Here were Catholics, Protestants and Hebrews, Hindus and Moslems, Buddhists and Parsees!

They were all there in the unity of a solemn remembrance and a common aspiration. Had there been no formal service whatever, no word spoken and no hymn sung, the thoughts of our minds and the meditations of our hearts, as we reflected upon what that day in the annals of the race should be made to mean for all mankind, would have rendered it an impressive hour. Armistice Day came that year on Sunday, and we were all gathered there in the open, under a blue tropical sky, offering our common worship to Him who is called in all the lands and in all the languages of earth

“The Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace.”

Ten years earlier, on the day before that first Armistice Day, November 11, 1918, I had been preaching at Harvard University. I was awakened early in the morning by the blowing of whistles and the ringing of church bells, which were announcing to greater Boston that the longed-for end of the World War had finally come. As I went about the streets that day, I had never seen a large city so deeply moved by any single event. Now in 1928, I was conducting another Armistice Day service on the Indian Ocean in the face of that varied company, where it seemed as if all the ends of the earth had been brought together on the deck of a single ship.

I spent the summer of 1898 in Hawaii. It had not then been annexed to the United States but was the “Republic of Hawaii,” which replaced the Kingdom of Kalakaua and Queen Liliuokalani, the last of the Kamehamehas. There was no wireless nor cable in those days, and they had to wait for the ships to bring them news from the mainland. There was much less outside influence and much more of the simple, unspoiled life of “the

Islands," with a certain charm about it which is not to be found there in these more stirring times.

What delightful people they were! They seemed to have about everything that makes life interesting and enjoyable. Many of them were descendants of the missionaries who went out in 1820, the second and third generation of those who loved Him. They were well educated; they had traveled widely; they had social charm and grace; they were the most hospitable, warm-hearted people I have ever found anywhere; they had beautiful homes (for they had money along with the rest), and they had religion. Now what more need any mortal ask as a foretaste of that ideal social order which the seer on the Island of Patmos saw coming down out of heaven from God!

We went from Hilo to the volcano of Kilauea, but Madame Pele was lazily inactive at that time. We spent a night on the top of Haleakala, the extinct volcano on the Island of Maui, at an elevation of over ten thousand feet, for the wonderful view at sunrise. We attended a *luau*, the native feast, and tried with all the courage and determination we could muster to eat *poi*, but failed in the attempt. We went surf-riding at Waikiki and snail-

hunting, for the Bishop Museum collection, back of Punch Bowl and on Tantalus.

While I was there the "June Meeting" was held, when all the Christian pastors, Hawaiian, Chinese, Japanese, and English-speaking Americans, are brought to Honolulu from the various islands for a three-day conference. As a visiting clergyman from California, I was asked to address this meeting. I had to do it through three interpreters in order to get my words across to each man in the tongue to which he was born. I would speak for two or three minutes and then wait patiently while the interpreters in turn made over my bits of wisdom into Hawaiian, Chinese, and Japanese respectively. It was a tedious operation, but there was nothing else for it.

It was a fellowship meeting, held on a weekday, and humor was not "tabu." When I ventured now and then to perpetrate a joke, those who understood English laughed. Then the Chinese interpreter would render it into the language of Confucius, and that group would enjoy it in their quiet, undemonstrative fashion. Then the Japanese would translate it into the language of Nippon, and with their livelier dispositions that section

would indicate their appreciation. Then the man who knew the language of the Kamehamehas would give it to his people, and with their gentle natures and smiling faces, they would respond. The audience laughed on the instalment plan. It was a kind of progressive intellectual exercise which became so diverting to me, as I watched it, that I all but forgot the contents of the address I had come to give.

I have spoken through interpreters also in Japan and in Palestine, in India and in Ceylon. I have learned that it is wise not to use our more startling American idioms and to have a care in the choice of figures of speech which might prove difficult to the Oriental mind. I thought I had learned this lesson fairly well, but I was preaching one Sunday in an Indian church near Bareilly to a thoughtful, responsive congregation, when I forgot myself and used a phrase which was too much for my interpreter. His earnest efforts brought an unseemly amount of merriment to the missionaries present who understood both languages.

I used this expression regarding a man whom I was describing as a man of real discernment. I said that "he had a head on his shoulders and not

merely a convenient place to wear his hat." It would be instantly understood in this country, but in that land where most of the people do not wear hats but either swathe their heads in turbans or go bare-headed, it was unfortunate. The missionaries wondered what the poor interpreter would do with that when he came to it—and this is what he did with it! "He was a man with no head and so he just wore his hat on his shoulders." He left that congregation of puzzled Orientals wondering about that poor headless man (whose intelligence I had been praising), who was compelled to go about in some strange fashion with his hat pressed down squarely upon his shoulders.

I made a two-hundred-mile trip on horseback through Palestine in 1897, visiting the various points of interest from Dan to Beersheba and from the Mediterranean to the Jordan Valley. In that day there were no roads, railroads or wagon-roads, save the little forty-mile apology for a railroad from Joppa to Jerusalem. Rude, rough trails over which the sure-footed Arab horses and donkeys and camels were making their way in solemn fashion! No hotels or inns, outside of Jerusalem and

Damascus! People had to travel on horseback, carrying with them their tents, food, cooking utensils, and sleeping equipment, camping out as did Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, heirs with them of the same promise.

Now there are paved automobile roads to most of the points of interest. One can go from Joppa to Jerusalem in an hour, and on down from Jerusalem to Jericho and the Dead Sea in another two or three hours. If one is pressed for time, he can go from Jerusalem to Damascus in a day, visiting historic places in Samaria and Galilee on the way.

The British have cleaned up the Holy City until it is a joy to walk around the walls and through the narrow, crooked streets of that place, which is a sacred shrine to three of the great historic faiths of the world, Judaism, Christianity, and Islam. I am not sure, however, but that all this lessens the charm and spiritual appeal of that country which has intertwined its history, its traditions, its aspirations, and the very names of its hills and valleys, its towns and streams, with the higher life of the leading nations of earth as no other nation ever has. I am glad to have seen it

first on foot, or from the back of a horse, or from the door of a tent, in the quiet simplicity which existed there a third of a century ago.

When I was in Palestine again in 1928, I spent two weeks in Jerusalem. I became acquainted with an Armenian pastor, who spoke good English. He invited me to visit the Armenian monastery which (next to the ancient temple area, the present site of the Mosque of Omar) is the most imposing piece of property within the walls. He asked me to address the students in their theological school, where some twenty-five young men were being trained for the ministry of that church. He also wanted me to speak to two hundred Armenian boys in a secondary school. He told me that since so many Armenians had been driven out of Asia Minor by the Turks, the head of their church was now the Patriarch of Jerusalem, and, if it would be agreeable to me, after I had made my addresses, he would be glad to present me to the Patriarch there in the monastery.

I was more than happy to accept such an invitation. I gave the two addresses, and then just before I was to be taken in, I told him that I had never met a Patriarch before, and that I would

be grateful if he would coach me as to the proper manner of approach, since I did not even know how one addressed the Patriarch.

He replied, "If you were presented to the Pope at Rome, you would say 'Your Holiness.' If you were addressing an Anglican Bishop, you would say 'Your Lordship.' It is our custom in addressing the Patriarch to say 'Your Beatitude.' If you refer to him in speaking to me while we are there, you will say 'His Beatitude.' "

I repeated this title several times to be sure that I had it straight. Then I asked, "Anything else?" He told me that it would not be polite for me or for him to suggest that the call should be terminated by getting up to go; that when the Patriarch felt that we had been there long enough, he would order coffee. When the coffee had been served, it would be in order for us to go. That was easy, and it relieved me from any anxiety lest I should make too long a call. "Anything else?" I asked. He smiled and said, "I almost hesitate to mention this, but as you have asked, I will suggest that it is regarded as unbecoming among us for a man to sit in the presence of an ecclesiastical superior with his legs crossed." I had

mine crossed at that moment, and I promptly took them apart and came to attention. Then he took me in to be presented.

The Patriarch was a magnificent-looking man, six feet four perhaps, broad-shouldered, with a full beard, almost white, which covered his chest down to his waist. He wore the peculiar black head-dress of the Armenian Clergy. He had the face of a cultured Christian gentleman and a most kindly manner. He at once put me at my ease by his own graciousness.

I said "Your Beatitude" as often as I could think of it, and I held on to my legs with both hands that they might not misbehave. He asked me about theological education in America and what courses I had been giving to the divinity students at Yale, and in every way made himself most agreeable. Presently he turned to his secretary and said, "I wonder if we have any of Dean Brown's books in our theological library—will you go and see?"

I felt then that in his great kindness, he had prepared the way for what might be an awkward moment for him and for me, when the secretary came back with his negative report. But five min-

utes later, the man came in with a card from their card catalogue, announcing that they had Dean Brown's second course of Lyman Beecher Lectures at Yale on *The Art of Preaching*. I was naturally both pleased and amazed, the latter feeling predominating. I assured His Beatitude that it was very gratifying to me to learn that my modest volume had found its way into such honorable associations. Then a moment later the coffee came in, and we drank it and bowed ourselves out from what had been to me a very delightful experience.

When I am in a foreign country, I usually try to attend some Protestant service of worship on Sunday. The last time I was in Venice, I saw the notice of a Scotch Presbyterian service over on the other side of the Grand Canal, not far from the famous Church, Santa Maria della Salute. We got out at the nearest landing and were making our way, somewhat uncertainly, in what we thought was the right direction, when a gentleman asked us, in our own tongue, if he could be of any service. It turned out that he was an artist who made his home in Venice, and an officer in

that Scotch church. When we told him where we were going, the three of us walked along together. He said to me that he had just received word that the minister was suffering from a sudden attack of pleurisy. "I am not sure that we will have any service to-day, unless," he added with a look of inquiry, "you happen to be a clergyman yourself."

When we reached the church, we found that the pastor was not able to be there, and the elders asked me to take the service. Afterward I went with the artist to call on the minister at his home and found a very delightful Scotchman who had been pastor there in Venice for nearly forty years. He was very grateful to me for preaching in his stead, and he gave me a copy of his *Life of Mussolini*, which he had just published. He had come to know "the Duce" personally and was full of admiration for what had been accomplished by his autocratic methods for the welfare of the people of Italy.

The following Sunday I was asked to preach at the Methodist Episcopal Church in Rome. At the close of the service, I met a whole group of fellow-Protestants. One of the officers of that

church invited us to lunch with him next day at his beautiful home on the Piazza Trinite de Monte. After the luncheon his daughter took us for an automobile drive along the Appian Way and across the Campagna. Such experiences are among the pleasant perquisites which often come to ministers in the day's work.

When I was in India, I did a great deal of speaking, preaching for the missionaries in their churches, lecturing in schools and colleges, and giving addresses on various occasions. I spent a whole week in the city of Madura, and on the last day of my stay, twenty Hindu gentlemen, all of them English-speaking and all of them college or university graduates, sent me a message asking if I would be willing to meet them informally and ask them questions, allowing them to answer. It was to be understood that I would not argue with them, but would merely ask questions to which they would make reply, as they were desirous that I should return to America with the right impression of their part of India.

Naturally I accepted this invitation with great gladness. The twenty of them came and sat in a

semicircle, placing me in the center with a full supply of interrogation points. We spent nearly three hours together. I asked a great many leading questions. How they talked, sometimes three or four of them at once, in their eagerness to have me get their point of view before I returned to my own land! In their replies, I soon found that almost every one of them would speedily sidetrack the main point in my inquiry and begin to abuse the British government, attributing all the social, political, and economic ills of India to British rule.

I listened to this patiently for something like two hours—I had already heard a lot of that sort of talk during those weeks. Finally, I suggested that I would like to ask one significant question which seemed to me to go to the root of the matter, prefacing it with a brief statement. They were all of them most courteous, and this privilege was instantly accorded me.

“You and I live in cities of almost equal size,” I said. “New Haven, Connecticut, which is my home, has a population of one hundred and sixty-five thousand people and Madura one hundred and sixty thousand. But the conditions of life in my

city are very different from the conditions here in your city. You have no sewers. The night soil collects in your houses, and the coolies carry it out, laden as it often is with the germs of disease, and dump it upon the fields and gardens where vegetables are being grown for your food. In my city, the owner of the property is compelled by law to provide even the humblest tenement with sewer connections.

“You have no wholesome water supply. The water from your wells and cisterns is so commonly polluted that strangers coming to your city are warned not to drink the water, unless they can be sure that it has been boiled and filtered. In my city, rich and poor alike are provided with an abundant supply of pure water for drinking, for cooking, and for washing.

“Your streets are dirty, and the dust which blows through them in the long, dry season is a menace to the health of your people. In my city, the streets are kept clean by municipal service. The homes of your working people, which I have entered, are narrow, dark, dirty, and unsanitary, and the death-rate among women and children in these homes is appalling. In my city, even the poorest people

would not be permitted to live in such quarters.

“You have no adequate system of public schools, so that even in this more favored city, more than ninety per cent of your people, I am told, are unable to read or write. In my city, the common schools maintained at public expense bring within the reach of every child, rich or poor, native or foreign-born, the elements of an education.

“Now my question is this—such conditions as you have here would not be tolerated in my city. The men of force, of means, of education, of social position, and of character would speedily take hold together and change all that. Why do not your men of force, of means, of education, of social position, and of character—such men as I see here to-day—take hold and change all that here in Madura? You have been attributing all your ills to British rule. Would the British government place any obstacle in your way, if you organized and undertook such improvements here in your city?”

This brought at once a certain coolness over the meeting. They were frank enough to admit at once that the British government would not in any way oppose such a program of civic betterment. Then, little by little, somewhat reluctantly, from one

after another came the admission that the more influential men in the various Indian communities were not as a rule actively interested in the welfare of the common people; that they were much more intent upon attaining that professional or commercial success which would insure them a competence, or in being appointed to some government position which carried with it a generous salary; and that at present, it would be almost impossible to enlist the interest of such men as I had indicated in any such program of community betterment.

I have no doubt but that they were correct in that judgment. And that is the main reason why I am not in sympathy with the earnest people in that land who are clamoring for revolution in the vain hope that all their problems would be solved by overthrowing the British government in India and by introducing complete Home Rule for those three hundred millions of people, sadly divided as they are by differences of race, religion, language, and caste. My own belief is that it is altogether desirable to have the British remain in India for a long time to come. The present agitation may well lead to what is called "Dominion Status," giving

to the people of India a measure of self-government similar to that enjoyed by Canada, Australia, and South Africa. But in the face of the difficulties involved in developing a competent, reliable public sentiment (owing to the widespread illiteracy and the radical lines of cleavage noted above) for India to entirely disassociate herself from the British Empire at this time would seem nothing less than a calamity.

· XIV ·

AUTHORSHIP

WHEN Coleridge said to Charles Lamb, "Have you ever heard me preach?" the genial author of the *Essays of Elia* replied, "I have never heard you do anything else." The same charge might be laid successfully at the door of many a minister's study, for the contents of the books he puts forth have oftentimes first "gone on the air" from some convenient pulpit.

My own first venture was a little book published in 1898 called *Two Parables*. It contained ten sermons on the two leading parables of the One who spake so "many things in parables"—the Good Samaritan and the Prodigal Son. Even in my own prejudiced eyes, it was in no sense what the reviewer likes to hail as "a notable volume." It made no splash whatever when it was tossed into the stream of books, which even then was pouring from the presses like a spring freshet. But I had fun

writing it. I dedicated it proudly "To my first and best teacher, in those truths we live by, My Mother." She at least had pleasure in reading it. When it was put on sale, it more than paid for itself and brought me a certain return in royalties. And that was enough to fill the cup of a young author, who scarcely knew the smell of printer's ink as yet, with as much joy as he should be allowed to hold at that stage of his growth.

It is good for any preacher to write books now and then, if he can induce the publishers to aid and abet him in his designs upon a trusting public. The reaction from such work upon his pulpit performances will be wholesome. The reflex influence upon a man's preaching style of having to write something which he hopes may be read by a wider and a much more exacting audience is all to the good. The reader can instantly lay a book down, if he is bored, or throw it out of the window, or into the furnace, where it might burn well because it is so dry. The ordinary conventions of the house of worship restrain most people from actually "walking out" on a preacher when he is dull—it might be better if they did now and then. They do stay away the following Sunday and

sometimes for all the Sundays which follow. But unless a man can write in a style sufficiently clear, concise, and arresting to gain and hold the attention of an ordinary reader, he might as well save his ink. He cannot expect that his religious books at least will have much of a circulation.

I shall never forget the thrill I had the first time I saw a man, whom I did not know, actually reading one of my books. I was passing from one car into another on a railroad train, when I saw him reading *The Social Message of the Modern Pulpit*. I stood off at a polite distance watching him. He seemed to be enjoying it as he turned the leaves. I was fairly consumed with admiration for his good taste and discernment. I felt as if I ought to tell him who I was, and witness his joyous surprise when he actually looked upon the author of so much wisdom. But I refrained—it might have been too much for him, because he did not look particularly robust. I went on about my business and left him to the further perusal of my book.

It brought to my mind that delicious fooling in one of J. M. Barrie's stories, where a rather effusive woman breezed up to a young author at an evening party and told him how intensely she had

enjoyed his novel. "Did you purchase the sixth copy?" he asked, very gravely. The woman looked rather nonplussed, but she told him frankly that she had not purchased the book, that she had gotten it from a circulating library. "There were just six copies sold," he went on. "I bought three myself, my uncle, to whom the book was dedicated, bought two more, and that left one which I have never been able to trace. I thought you might have bought that one."

The woman's face had visibly brightened with interest in his recital, and he continued, "It came very near to selling a seventh copy. It was published, you know, at ten shillings. When it did not sell at that price, they marked it down to five shillings and then to three and finally to one and six. When it reached that figure, it was 'displayed for sale'—I think that is the right phrase—on a table outside of a second-hand bookstall on Oxford Street. I used to stand near the place for hours together, watching to see if any one looked at my book. One day a tall, thin man wearing a frock coat and spectacles stopped and picked it up and read in it for quite a long time. He seemed to be hesitating between it and a Trigonometry, which

was also lying there. He finally took both of them into the bookstall with him, and my heart was in my mouth. But when he came out, he laid my book down and went off with the Trigonometry."

In those early years, I wrote *The Main Points*. It was not meant for theologians and philosophers—it was a discussion in plain, untechnical terms of ten of the leading planks in our platform of Christian belief. It seemed to find its own clientele. It was included for some years (together with my *Social Message*) in the list of "required reading" for young Methodist preachers who were taking the "Conference Course of Study." It was also used rather widely for a period of years as a textbook at summer conferences of students. Both of these facts gave it a friendly boost in the matter of circulation, so that *The Main Points* and *These Twelve* have been my two "best sellers" on the list of the twenty-nine volumes—this one makes thirty—which must be charged to my account.

The keen, widespread interest of people generally, for the last thirty years, in the utilization of mental and spiritual forces for the gaining and maintenance of sound physical health, as evidenced by the many cults which preach and practise what

they are pleased to call "Metaphysical Healing," is one of the signs of the times. It was the active, aggressive presence of this interest in the community where I lived which impelled me to write *Faith and Health*, in which I embodied the results of my own study and experience along that line of effort.

After the book had been out for thirteen years, the publishers asked me to recast it for another edition, including in it some discussion of the work of Emile Coué and of James M. Hickson, a layman in the Anglican Church. I also included a further study of the healing miracles of Jesus in the face of a certain advance which has been made in throwing light upon that aspect of His work. This later edition, published in 1923, has seemed to meet a certain demand. It has brought me from all over the country letters of gratitude written by sufferers who had found help in the methods there outlined. It has also brought me letters from some of the earnest advocates of Christian Science which were not so soothing—they did not "say it with flowers."

The particular interest which I have felt in students, as a result of my college preaching and my

personal contacts with so many of them during the last twenty years, led to the writing of a number of books—*The Cap and Gown*, *The Young Man's Affairs*, *Five Young Men*, *The Larger Faith* (an appreciation, rather than a controversial study, of nine of the leading branches of the Christian Church), and *The Religion of a Layman* (a brief popular interpretation of the Sermon on the Mount). The Yale University Press also brought out three of my books, *Yale Talks*, *What Is Your Name?* and *Where Do You Live?*, which contain groups of addresses given in Battell Chapel at Yale and in the chapels of Harvard, Princeton, Cornell, Williams, Amherst, Vassar, Wellesley, Mt. Holyoke, and other colleges east and west. The reception given to these books by young people and by those who in becoming more mature have developed an added sense of the pertinence and value of such studies of religious faith and practice, has been one of my chief joys in these recent years. This pleasure has been conveyed to me in many letters and in personal contacts with some of those whom I had addressed in their own colleges in "days gone by."

For seven years I wrote a full page every week

for the leading church paper in my own denomination, the *Congregationalist*. The International System of Uniform Lessons was widely used at that time in the Sunday-schools of most of the Protestant churches. My page each week had to do with the lesson for the following Sunday. I gathered up sixty of the best of those articles on Old Testament passages and ninety of those based upon the Synoptic Gospels, and they were published by the Pilgrim Press, Boston, in two volumes entitled *The Story Books of the Early Hebrews* and *The Master's Way*. They do not form a continuous narrative—they are snapshots taken here and there of the unfolding religious history of that people who for centuries held the right of the line in spiritual leadership. They have been useful, I think, to laymen who are teaching in Sunday-school, or leading Bible study groups in city or college Christian Associations, or who have the duty of conducting chapel services, with brief addresses, in schools and colleges. Both of these books were published during the World War—they might have had a wider sale had they fallen on happier times.

The Century Company has brought out four of

my books: *These Twelve*, made up of sketches of the Twelve Apostles, except that, for James, the Son of Alphaeus, Lebbeus, and Bartholomew, about whom we know little or nothing, I substituted Barnabas, Paul, and Jesus! *Ten Short Stories from the Bible*, where I retold, in modern phrase, a number of the most dramatic stories in the Old Testament about Saul, Sisera, David, Naaman, Ruth, Esther, Jezebel, and others, with suggestions as to the wider implication of those stirring narratives! *The Making of a Minister*, written mainly for college fellows who have some form of Christian service in view, for divinity students who are actively preparing for the ministry, and for the young parson who is just learning his way about his parish. I felt that if I could set up a few traffic signs, like "Bad Curve Ahead," "Turn to the Right," and "Zone for Quiet" for those who have not gone over the road before, it might help to reduce the number of mishaps and make their driving more serviceable to the community! *The Gospel for Main Street*—here I tried to bring out in the language of that famous thoroughfare where most of our fellow-beings live and move and transact their business some of the basic principles underlying the

ordinary experiences of those who would like to live worthily, usefully, and joyously.

I once wrote a small book which some of my friends feel has in it more literary skill than anything else I have ever done. It is a study of the Book of Job, and I called it *The Strange Ways of God*. It contains a series of lectures given to a popular audience and designed to increase the interest in, and to aid in a better understanding of, that ancient drama.

The literary excellence of the Book of Job gives it a high place among the world's poetical masterpieces. But the many faulty translations in the Authorized Version, the ill-considered arrangement of the various portions of the drama in an ordinary copy of the Scriptures, and a widespread misconception as to the main purpose of the argument have all tended to obscure its power and beauty. I felt also that the teaching of this ancient writing as to the occasion and the meaning of suffering had special value for the times on which we have fallen.

After the World War I received through the mail a soiled and weather-beaten copy of my little book

Yale Talks with these words written on the fly-leaves:

“Camp Nikolar, Ussurisky, Siberia,

August 12th 1920.

“Greetings of the Prisoners of War in Camp Nikolar:

“The following undersigned thank you, Charles Reynolds Brown, for the fellowship and joy we have experienced by the reading and studying of this book. Mr. W. Teenwissen, our Y.M.C.A. representative, has read it to us at various class hours. If this copy should come into your possession, may this expression of us stimulate you in your further work. Some of us have been as long as five years in prison, and the thought of Jesus Christ with us and His spirit working through us has been a fortress for our souls in these awful years of suffering.

“Wishing you Godspeed, we remain”

Then follow the signatures of twenty-seven men, chiefly Austrian and Hungarian names, in most cases with the home address and a single word as to the vocation of the man, bank clerk, book-keeper, teacher, student, merchant, judge of court, forester, postman. Several of them had been officers in the Austrian army, and they indicated their rank. A number of them were from Vienna and from Budapest. Accompanying the little Book

there was a photograph of this group of men taken in their prison garb.

There came in the same mail a letter from the Y.M.C.A. secretary who had read *Yale Talks* to them (translating it into their native tongues), stating that these men had been taken prisoners by the Russian Army early in the World War and had been confined in this military prison in Siberia. He had preserved the book, with the message which they had written in it on their own motion, with the signatures and the picture of the group; and he forwarded it to me, feeling that it would be of interest to the author of a book which had been read and studied in that far-away land. I prize it as one of my most cherished keepsakes.

At the request of the Association Press, I had written two pamphlets for use among the soldiers in the great cantonments in this country and in military camps in France. One of them *Who Is Jesus Christ?* of which over a million copies were distributed, and the other was on gambling, called *Do You Win?* After the Armistice had been signed, I received a copy of the former, which had been rained on and trampled on until it wore the service stripes of a veteran itself. It had been picked

up by a personal friend and these words were written in it on the fly-leaf: "Found in a German Cemetery in the Argonne Forest near Varennes where Louis XVI took refuge. (Signed) Roland H. Bainton."

I received from my good friend Chaplain Hagan of the United States Army another copy of the same pamphlet, even more travel-stained and weather-beaten, with these words written on the fly-leaves: "Presented to Corporal Fred W. Hagan at Camp Dodge, Des Moines, Iowa, December 1917. Read and discussed by enlisted men in company barracks. Carried by Chaplain Hagan to Camp Lewis. Read by several officers, two of whom were afterward killed. Carried overseas via Camp Merritt, New York, Camp Knotty Ash, Liverpool, Camp Commons, Southampton, Rest Camp No. 4 La Havre, France.

"Read to 342d Infantry Regimental Band in training area near Alsace border by the Chaplain. Discussed by men and carried in roll with testament through St. Mihiel offensive, and Ypres Offensive in Belgium. Read the evening before the Argonne Offensive by 1st Lieut. J. H. Kemble, who was killed three days later. Read by Lieut.

Rowe, M.R.C., in Belgium farm house shortly before the 'jumping-off hour' in the attack on Spital-Boschen Woods near Audenarde, Belgium on October 31st 1918.

"Carried to Edinburgh when Chaplain Hagan went with the A.E.F. School Detachment to Great Britain. Read and discussed by a group of theological students in New College, Edinburgh. Now presented to the writer by Chaplain F. W. Hagan."

These two widely traveled and badly scarred pamphlets, written in the peace and quiet of my own study in New Haven, have come back to me as solemn reminders of those frightful days and nights through which millions of young men, from our own land and from so many other lands, were passing in the World War. May the Power of Jesus Christ, whose spirit and method I had tried to portray, save the race from ever doing it again!

Several of my books have been translated into other languages, chiefly for use in the foreign mission field. *The Main Points* was translated into Japanese for use among the Kumiai churches of that country. It was also translated into Spanish and published by the Missionary Board of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, for use in their

South American missions. In that language it carries the euphonious title *Los Puntos Principales*, a name "which doth become the mouth," as Cassius said in *Julius Cæsar*, ever so much better than *The Main Points*. My volume of Washington Gladden lectures, *Why I Believe in Religion*, was translated into Chinese for use in the missions of the Episcopal Church in that broad land.

No caustic reviewer needs to tell me that no one of these books which I have named in this chapter is in any sense "a great book." Have not I read them all myself?—and much more carefully than he has! But I have enjoyed many a pleasant hour in putting them in shape, and many another good quarter of an hour in reading the unsought words of appreciation which from time to time have been coming back. If any single sentence in any one of them has brought a bit of light, cheer, hope, or courage to anybody anywhere, I am more than content. If they have helped to point the way into a richer experience of those aids to right living, which come from a world unseen in "The Quest of Life" I shall rejoice.

· XV ·

OCCASIONS

WHEN the twentieth century was ushered in, all fresh and new, in January, 1901, the event was celebrated in San Francisco at a large banquet for men in the Merchants Club. The committee on arrangements provided four addresses on *The Achievements of the Nineteenth Century*. Dr. David Starr Jordan, President of Stanford University, was asked to speak on "The Greatest Scientific Discovery of the Nineteenth Century." He very naturally named the principle of organic evolution, and in his address discussed the bearing of that principle upon scientific thought during the closing decades of the century. Professor Charles M. Gayley, the head of the English Department in the University of California, was asked to speak on "The Greatest Book of the Nineteenth Century." He at once excluded all scientific works as not belonging to pure literature. After discussing the

merits of several authors, he named Goethe's *Faust* as the greatest literary production of the hundred years. Fairfax H. Whelan, a business man of San Francisco, was asked to speak on "The Greatest Mechanical Invention of the Nineteenth Century." He surprised us all—and no one knew in advance what line any one of the four speakers would take—we expected something of an electrical nature. He named Bessemer steel, the cheaper process of converting pig-iron into steel, on the ground of its wider utility. He claimed that the greatest invention was the one which served the interests of the largest number of people. I was asked to speak that evening on "The Greatest Man of the Nineteenth Century," and I named our first martyred President, Abraham Lincoln.

It was indeed an "occasion." There were present three hundred of the finest men in San Francisco and the adjacent cities of Oakland, Berkeley, and Alameda. There were four addresses, each one half an hour in length and each one dealing with a serious subject. No fireworks or funny stories, as first aid to the inattentive, yet I have rarely seen a company of men more deeply moved by public address! Dr. Jordan was easily the first citizen of

California at that time, and on a theme which lay within his own field of natural science he was superb. Professor Gayley is a man of commanding appearance, with a splendid voice and a brilliant style, a past master in his own chosen field of literature. The response to these two speakers, who came first in the order named, was such as to make Mr. Whelan and me, when we were called to the bat, feel as much excited as if there had been three men on the bases and nobody out. We did our best and the men present were kind enough to indicate that they felt that the program had not issued in an anticlimax.

I expanded my own after-dinner speech delivered on that occasion into a lecture an hour long, which I have since given many times. I have given it exactly three hundred and twenty-two times, in twenty different States of the Union (as well as in several foreign countries), and before a dozen or more of the leading universities. I gave it once to an audience of thirteen hundred prisoners in stripes at Sing Sing when Thomas Mott Osborne was the Warden. I gave it also to a similar audience in San Quentin Prison, California. I gave it on Lincoln's Birthday at a dinner of the Republican Club of

New York City at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel when Albert B. Fall (at that time Secretary of the Interior); Mrs. Medill McCormick, the daughter of Mark Hanna, recently a candidate for the United States Senate from Illinois; and Job Hedges, one of the wittiest political speakers of his day, were the other three speakers. I gave it at Cooper Union to a crowd of people from the lower East side of New York, and at the close a man in the audience told me that in 1860, as a boy of fourteen, he had been taken by his father to hear Lincoln himself give his noted address there in Cooper Union.

I gave it once in London, and found that the British have as much appreciation for the greatness of Lincoln as a company of his own fellow-citizens have. I gave it in the city of Jerusalem to an audience where many different races and faiths were represented. I quoted those words in the Master's opening address in the Synagogue at Nazareth—"The spirit of the Lord is upon me because he hath anointed me to preach good tidings to the poor. He hath sent me to bind up the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives and to set at liberty them that are bruised." These words might have been incorporated bodily in Lincoln's first

Inaugural. I gave it in Nashville, Tennessee, and my hearers there were as cordial in their response as people would have been in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts or in the State of Illinois. I gave it in Kobe, Japan, on Memorial Day in May, 1910, in connection with the exercises held in the cemetery, where some of our American soldiers and marines are buried. The lecture was published in book form a few years ago by The Macmillan Company under the title *Abraham Lincoln, the Greatest Man of the Nineteenth Century*.

When the beautiful Memorial Church at Stanford University was built, I was asked to go there as Chaplain. It would have been my duty to take charge of the Sunday services in the College Church, to give courses on the Bible, for which credit was to be allowed, and to relate myself in any way I might to the religious life of the students. It was an attractive opening into a line of work to which I was destined later to give some of the best years of my life, and it appealed to me.

The people in my church in Oakland were strongly opposed to my going. While I was considering the matter, to which the newspapers had

given rather wide publicity, they called a meeting one evening to adopt some resolutions voicing their sentiment as to my work as their pastor, and expressing their judgment as to where my own largest usefulness could be achieved. Naturally I did not attend the meeting, but my predecessor, Dr. McLean, was there, expressing his own feeling regarding the situation and aiding in the framing of the resolutions which were presently adopted.

When this action had been taken, he said to the meeting, "Why not take these resolutions to Mr. Brown's house and present them to him in person?" This suggestion commended itself to them, and they proceeded, over six hundred of them, through the streets, headed by Dr. McLean and the Mayor of the City (who was a member of our church) to my house, which was nearly a mile away. They had sent a young man ahead on a bicycle to make sure that I was at home. When he came, he told me that the meeting had adjourned and that some of my friends were bringing me a set of resolutions which had been adopted.

I looked around the room and asked him if I had not better bring in another chair or two—it never occurred to me that there would be more

than four or five men. He told me that this would not be necessary. Ten minutes later, I heard them coming up on our front porch and when I opened the door, there they were! The yard was full, and the street was full, from sidewalk to sidewalk for nearly a block, with a host of warm friends. They filed in with their resolutions, which were read by the former pastor of the church, and they filed by with their words of personal affection. When the evening was over and the demonstration was concluded, there was no doubt left in my mind as to where my duty lay.

For seven years I did go down to Stanford on Mondays, giving for several of those years a one-hour course on the Bible and then later a similar course on social ethics. This connection with the University gave me a personal acquaintance with Dr. Jordan, the President, and also with Mrs. Leland Stanford, one of the founders. I gave one of the addresses at the dedication of the Memorial Church, and I delivered the first Commencement address in the new Assembly Hall, on both of which occasions Mrs. Stanford was present. She had also on several occasions invited me to her home.

When she died suddenly in Honolulu in 1905, I was asked to give the address at the funeral. The fact that her husband had been prominent in the political life of the State as Governor and then as United States Senator from California for two terms, his wide business connections through his large fortune and his ownership of one fourth of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company, their position in the social life of San Francisco, and the generous service they had rendered in the founding and development of the University all made it natural that a great number of people should attend that funeral. They were moved by a common desire to show their respect for a family which had been so widely useful.

The devotional part of the service—the Scripture lessons, the prayers, the music—was held in the Memorial Church, to which some fifteen hundred people had been admitted by card. Then the body was taken to the tomb on the Stanford Campus, where the bodies of her husband and her son were already resting. The address was given in the open air from the steps in front of the tomb to a company of people, which I was told afterward numbered ten thousand. At the close of the

address, the student body sang the favorite college hymn, "Hail Stanford, Hail!"

I have preached in the Stanford Chapel some forty times at its regular Sunday services, and these various contacts with the life of the place brought me into rather close relations with David Starr Jordan. He is the greatest man whom it has ever been my privilege to know intimately. His genuine scholarship in his own field of natural science, his large experience in education through the founding and development of a great university, his work as the author of a list of stimulating books, his broad, statesmanlike attitude toward public affairs, the signal service he has rendered to the cause of international peace, and above all, the character of the man, at once strong and gentle, combining a robust adherence to what he believes to be right with a most tolerant, kindly attitude toward his fellow-beings, even when some of them have fallen short—all this makes him, in the eyes of those who know him, genuinely great.

His autobiography in two big volumes, *The Days of a Man*, gives a most interesting and inspiring picture of one of the extraordinary figures in our

American life. As I have grown older, I have read to myself many times, and to others (who were also moving toward "the quiet west" and the setting sun), those lines which he wrote on the occasion of his own seventieth birthday:

"Lord here am I, my three score years and ten
All counted to the full; I've fought thy fight,
Crossed Thy dark valleys, scaled Thy rocks' harsh height,
Borne all the burdens Thou dost lay on men
With hand unsparing, three score years and ten.
Before Thee now I make my claim, O Lord!
What shall I pray Thee, as a meet reward?

"I ask for nothing! Let the balance fall!
All that I am or know or may confess
But swell the weight of mine indebtedness;
Burdens and sorrows stand transfigured all;
Thy hand's rude buffet turns to a caress,
For Love, with all the rest, Thou gav'st me here,
And Love is Heaven's own atmosphere."

In its February issue of 1924 the magazine *World's Work* offered a prize of five hundred dollars for the best sermon. The contest was open to men of any faith, Catholic, Protestant, or Hebrew. The announcement said that "Theological argu-

ment is barred, but any kind of sermon which makes real the spiritual life to doubting or anxious or weary human hearts is welcome."

I sent in my sermon on "Such as I have," based on the familiar text, "Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have, give I thee." I felt that for three reasons my chances for winning the prize were decidedly slim. I thought that a more eloquent, ornate style of preaching would make stronger appeal to the judges than would my simple, homespun way of doing it; I thought the committee would be likely to award the prize to some clergyman actively engaged in the work of the ministry rather than to a member of a divinity faculty; I thought that inasmuch as the offer of such a prize naturally had behind it some thought of the advertising value it would have for the magazine, it would mean more if the prize were awarded to a clergyman in one of the larger and more influential church bodies, rather than to a member of my own smaller denomination. However, on the day before Easter that spring, I received a gracious letter from the publishers of *World's Work*, stating that the prize had been awarded to "Such as I Have" and enclosing me a check for the five hundred dollars.

The sermon was published in full in the June number of the magazine that year, and it was also included in my volume of addresses called *What Is Your Name?* published by the Yale University Press. When the sermon had appeared in print, the fact that it had been awarded such a prize naturally attracted some attention to it and brought me a number of diverting letters. One earnest brother down in Tennessee—near Dayton perhaps, where John T. Scopes was tried by a civil court for teaching evolution—wrote me as follows: “I hope you will not think because you won the prize that you can preach. Your sermon is not a sermon at all—it is just plain talk. It is evident that you do not know up at Yale what preaching really is.” So be it! “Every one to his taste!” It may be fortunate that the editors of *World’s Work* and some of the extreme fundamentalists in Tennessee do not all demand exactly the same style of preaching.

In that same year, the *Christian Century* undertook to find the twenty-five most influential living preachers of our time as judged by their brother ministers. Here is their statement! “The entire Protestant ministry of the United States was polled. Ballots were put into the hands of about ninety

thousand ministers in all parts of the country, north, south, east, and west. All the Protestant denominations and all schools of opinion in those denominations were included. Each minister was asked to name the ten preachers whom he regarded as most influential in the entire range of the American church. The total vote was just short of twenty-five thousand, and eleven hundred and sixty-two preachers had received votes from their fellow-ministers. When the count was finished, the names of the twenty-five men who had received the largest number of votes were announced."

There was nothing final or infallible about this poll, as an expression of feeling on the part of some twenty-five thousand ministers regarding the quality of work being done by their brother ministers, but the grouping of those twenty-five as regards their respective denominational affiliations is suggestive. The Lutheran Church is large and influential, but for the most part it is a very conservative body, and in many places its services are conducted in some other language than English. For these two reasons perhaps, no one of the twenty-five preachers named was a Lutheran. The Episcopal church is an influential church, particu-

larly in the cities, and it has a well-educated, cultured, devout ministry. Its emphasis, however, upon the liturgy of worship rather than upon preaching has been such that it has not developed its natural quota of outstanding preachers. There was no Episcopal minister among the twenty-five. The Disciples of Christ is a large and useful denomination, but the strong, warm, aggressive type of evangelism characteristic of that body, with the consequent emotional appeal, has not been favorable to the development of what is generally regarded as the best type of preaching—there was no minister from the Disciples in the list.

The grouping was as follows: Reformed Church, one, Frederick F. Shannon; Baptist Church, four, Russell H. Conwell, Harry Emerson Fosdick, George W. Truitt, Charles W. Gilkey; Methodist Church, six, Bishop William F. McDowell, Bishop Francis J. McConnell, Bishop Edwin H. Hughes, Ernest F. Tittle, Lynn Harold Hough, Merton S. Rice; Presbyterian Church, seven, Henry Sloan Coffin, Robert E. Speer, William P. Merrill, James I. Vance, Mark Matthews, John Timothy Stone, William A. Sunday; Congregational Church, seven, George A. Gordon, S. Parks Cadman, Charles E.

Jefferson, Newell Dwight Hillis, G. Campbell Morgan, Joseph Fort Newton and myself. Dr. Newton is now a minister of the Episcopal Church and has been a member of several different churches, but at that time he was a Congregationalist. The following year The Macmillan Company published a volume of twenty-five sermons, contributed by the men named, under the title *The American Pulpit*.

When the publishers of the Encyclopædia Britannica issued their fourteenth edition in 1928, I was invited to serve as one of the twenty-six Departmental Editors on this side the water. I was also asked to write several articles for this edition, among others the article on Jonathan Edwards. I found this a difficult and an embarrassing task in my effort to combine intellectual honesty with the desire to write an article which the Britannica would be willing to publish. The range and vigor of Jonathan Edwards's intellect in dealing with metaphysical problems have been fully recognized by scholarly men on both sides of the Atlantic.

But as a religious leader, set apart to guide his faulty fellow-beings in the way that goeth upward, what a tragic waste of time and strength and brains

the story of his life reveals! He was so sadly lacking in the common humanities. The human values were obscured by his passion for metaphysics in his ambitious theological treatises. He had little or no feeling for poetry or for the beauties of the natural world. It was a perpendicular piety which he preached—it did not find any adequate expression in those horizontal relations and interests which make up the social order. His overdone emphasis upon the fear of hell as a source of motive and his low estimate of the human factor in the process of redemption go far to rob his fervent religious appeals of any permanent value. When one reads the record of his life through to the end and makes a study of his writings, he feels moved to say, "What a pity." In my article, I frankly expressed my own judgments, but the *Britannica* published it just as I wrote it. When I actually saw it in print in such dignified surroundings, I gave thanks in a loud tone of voice.

In 1922, the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Edward Everett Hale was celebrated at a significant meeting held in Symphony Hall, Boston. His influence as a Christian preacher, as a

leader in all manner of philanthropic effort, as the writer of wholesome and widely read books, as a man of vision in civic affairs, and as an eminent leader in the movement for better methods of international usage had been so deep and so far-reaching that it was altogether fitting that his memory should be thus honored.

There were three thousand people in the audience, and as admission was by card of invitation, that represented a considerable portion of the best Boston can show—and Boston's best is exceedingly good. The Governor of the Commonwealth was asked to preside, Bishop Hughes of the Methodist Church led in the responsive Scripture lesson, and prayer was offered by Rev. Samuel M. Crothers, pastor of the First Unitarian Church of Cambridge, a long-time friend of Dr. Hale. There were just two addresses, one on "Edward Everett Hale as a Citizen," given by Henry Cabot Lodge, then the Senior United States Senator from Massachusetts, and one on "Edward Everett Hale as a Minister," which I was asked to give. The very atmosphere of that "occasion," as a deeply felt tribute from a great company of his fellow-townsmen offered to one whom they had held in

such high esteem and warm affection, made it memorable.

I chanced once on an out-of-the-way, unconventional tribute to the high qualities in Dr. Hale's life. There was a man who kept a small inn on the road to Crater Lake, in Southern Oregon. I stopped at that inn when I made the trip in 1909. Men who were hunting or fishing or tramping through the mountains would often seek accommodation there, and occasionally some of them would get their suppers and spend the night and then go off early in the morning without paying their bills. It is not always easy to judge of a man's financial standing or responsibility from the clothes he wears when he is out in the mountains.

The innkeeper had hit upon this device for separating the sheep from the goats. He had taken a full-page portrait of Edward Everett Hale from the Sunday edition of the *New York Times* and had tacked it up on the wall of the little office. When a man was about to register, the innkeeper would say to him, quite casually, pointing to the picture, "Do you know who that is?" If the man looked up and replied, "Why yes, that is Edward Everett Hale," he was allowed to register and stay

all night. If he did not know, he would have to go on—there would be no accommodations there for him. The innkeeper felt that just to know Edward Everett Hale by sight was a sufficient guarantee of a man's respectability to ensure his paying his hotel bill next morning.

When I lived in Cincinnati, I became interested in Masonry. I had a small church at that time, was unmarried, and had more leisure for such things than I would have had later. I took all of the degrees of the York Rite up to the conclusion of the work of the Chapter of Royal Arch Masons. I took all of the degrees of the Scottish Rite up to the thirty-second degree. In more recent years, I have also taken the higher degrees of the York Rite, including the Commandery, becoming thereby a Knight Templar.

The Consistory of the Scottish Rite in the city of Cincinnati had purchased a beautiful Presbyterian church, from which the congregation had removed to another location in the suburbs. The Masons kept the fine organ and the religious atmosphere of a well-built place of worship, and they adapted and beautified it still further for

their own ceremonies. The Master of the Lodge of Perfection at that time was a Hebrew of fine presence, with an excellent voice, a man of genuine culture and of a deeply religious spirit. When he sat upon the throne of King Solomon and uttered those stately sentences which have come down to us as ancient scripture, together with the other portions of the ritual, we were carried back at once to the days of glory in the history of that people who for centuries took the lead in the spiritual life of the whole human race.

I have been present at a great many stately services of worship. I have seen high mass celebrated in St. Peter's at Rome. I once attended the midnight mass of the Greek church the night before Easter in the Cathedral at Athens. I have heard the marvelous singing of the choirs in St. Isaac's Cathedral at St. Petersburg and the Cathedral of the Assumption in the Kremlin at Moscow in the days when the Czar was on his throne. I have heard the call to prayer from the minarets of the mosques in Cairo and in Damascus, in Constantinople and in Delhi. I have gone within to see devout Moslems prostrating themselves on their prayer rugs with their faces toward Mecca. I have seen earnest Japa-

nese worshiping according to their method in the great Buddhist temples of the Hongwanji sect in Kyoto, Japan. I would say that the most deeply impressive religious ceremonies that I have ever personally witnessed anywhere were some of those in connection with the conferring of the higher degrees in Scottish Rite Masonry.

When I was a pastor in California, there was a young fellow employed in the leading grocery store of the city who sometimes drove one of the wagons and delivered orders at our home. One of the men in our choir heard him singing one day as he drove along. He told the young man that he had a remarkable voice and asked him to come around to choir meeting in our church. The young man came and was at once asked to become a member of the chorus, for he had a rich baritone voice. He sang so well that in a few months, when the position became vacant, he was engaged as the solo bass. His work in the church service was so good that a wealthy member of the congregation offered to pay for his training if he wished to go abroad and study to become an opera singer. At that time he did not want to go into opera—he

preferred to sing in oratorio. He was therefore sent to London by this friend to study with Randegger. He sang later at a number of the musical festivals when leading oratorios were given in the English cathedrals.

But the lure of opera became stronger, and he went to Frankfort to study. He did so well that in a few years he was singing in the Royal Opera Company in Berlin. Emperor William the Second was so much pleased with his singing that he sent the young man a pair of sleeve buttons with the royal crest on them and bestowed upon him some German decoration. When the Emperor's daughter was married, this fine baritone was invited to sing, as the only soloist, at her wedding.

He kept on growing in the range and quality of his voice and in that temperament which enabled him to interpret effectively various rôles in the great operas. He was engaged a little later by the Metropolitan Opera Company in New York, where he sang for many seasons. We had kept up our friendship from the days when he was still working in the grocery and singing on Sundays in our church in California. At that time he had been often in our home, and later I visited him in his

home in Berlin and at his hotel in New York. The last time I heard him sing was in *Tristan und Isolde* in the Metropolitan Opera House. He had recently signed a contract with them by which he was to receive seven hundred and fifty dollars for each appearance.

During one of our severe winters, he caught cold which developed into pneumonia. He was seriously ill, and his wife telephoned to me at New Haven. I went to New York at once, for they were both my dear friends. He died a few days later, and it was her wish that, because of his love for the church, which had never been crowded out by his successes in opera, he should be buried from the Congregational Church. Dr. Jefferson cordially offered the use of Broadway Tabernacle. It was her desire also that I should conduct the funeral service. The whole Metropolitan Opera Company, one hundred and fifty of them, attended the service. The Emperor of Germany had cabled to Washington, directing a man from the German Embassy to attend the funeral as his personal representative, and to lay a wreath with the royal insignia attached to it, upon the casket. Caruso, Amato, and other famous opera singers served as pall-

bearers. One does not ordinarily think of such an exercise as a spectacular "occasion," but there were so many unusual and imposing features connected with that funeral held for this friend, that it was nothing less. He was greatly beloved by them all, and the sense of grief, as they gathered that day in Broadway Tabernacle, was deep and real. He had a remarkable career. His name was Putnam Griswold, and I shall always cherish the memory of his warm friendship.

The highest office in the Congregational Church is that of "Moderator of the National Council." It may be filled by either a minister or a layman, and the term of office is two years. The Moderator presides over that meeting of the Council where he is elected, makes himself useful among the Congregational churches in any way which opens, and then delivers the retiring Moderator's address at the following meeting of the Council, when he gives up his office.

In 1913, the National Council met in Kansas City. Several prominent men in the denomination had been suggested through the church papers for the office of Moderator, and their intimate friends

were ready to present their names at the opening session of the Council when the election was to take place. I was a delegate to that meeting of the Council, but I stopped off in Iowa to visit my parents and did not reach Kansas City until five o'clock on the day when the Council had convened in the afternoon. On my way up from the railroad station to the hotel, I bought an evening paper to see whom they had chosen that afternoon as Moderator. The first headline upon which my eyes fell was "Charles R. Brown elected Moderator." This was my notification, and I was amazed. I had to make haste and prepare myself to preside at the evening session, when the retiring Moderator, Dr. Nehemiah Boynton, would make the address.

My name had not been mentioned for the office, and my election was a complete surprise. I learned later that when the usual nominating speeches had been made, placing before the Council three or four men who had been considered as promising candidates, the presiding officer had asked if there were "any other nominations." Then a layman, a shoe manufacturer in Massachusetts, on his own motion, got up and in a very brief speech nominated me.

They proceeded to take the first ballot. When the ballots were counted, it was found that I had received a majority of all the votes cast and was therefore duly elected. The Chairman asked the two men who had received the next highest number of votes to escort me to the platform. But after they had scrutinized the assembly, they were compelled to report that the new Moderator did not seem to be present. The manner of my election was such as to acquit me of any possible charge of wire-pulling or electioneering in order to secure that office.

It proved to be a very stirring meeting of the Council, lasting a little over a week, because we were just in process of adopting a new Constitution, under which our church has worked ever since. There was much difference of opinion, a great deal of discussion, and an onslaught of suggested amendments, so that in presiding over those sessions, I had need of all that I had ever learned from Robert's *Rules of Order* in less stirring situations and of all the principles of Congregational usage which I could recall. The meeting of the Council two years later was held in New Haven, Connecticut, and I gave my retiring Moderator's

address in Woolsey Hall, the use of which had been generously offered by Yale University.

When the meeting of the International Congregational Council was held in this country in 1899, it brought hundreds of representative men of our communion from Canada, Australia, and England, as well as from all sections of this country and from the various mission fields. The sessions were held in Tremont Temple, Boston, which seats three thousand people. President James B. Angell of the University of Michigan was chosen as Moderator. I had been asked to speak at one of the evening sessions, when three addresses were to be given on "Christianity and Other Religions." The other two addresses were to be given by Rev. J. D. Jones of Bournemouth, England, and by Principal Fairbairn of Mansfield College, Oxford. They were both able men, and the musical Welsh voice of Mr. Jones made such an appeal to an American audience that when I had to follow him, I found it a hard task.

The topic which had been assigned to me by the Program Committee was "Distinctive Characteristics of Christianity." Because it was an intricate rather than a popular subject, I had decided to use

a manuscript, which I had carefully prepared. I was not accustomed to reading in public, and before that great audience, sandwiched in as I was between the warmth of that delightful Welshman and the distinguished scholar from Oxford, my address fell flat. Some of my close friends tried to "praise it with faint damns," but I was painfully conscious of the fact that I had fallen down on an important "occasion." It was a wholesome lesson, and never again in a large assembly before a popular audience have I attempted to override that barricade of paper.

One man who had lived for years in the Orient, in writing of the Council in our denominational paper, was moved to say this about my address: "As a popular address, it lost power by being read instead of being delivered, but as a philosophical discussion of its theme, it was scarcely equaled in the Council. In a fairly wide reading, I know of no finer and stronger statement of the difference between Christianity and Buddhism than this—"Buddhism means the lopping-off of human interest and desire until peace is found in a kind of eternal swoon where definite personality is either surrendered or so overborne by the ocean of life in

which it floats, as to be no longer capable of self-knowledge or self-direction. Nowhere outside our own faith do we find the clear offer of a salvation, which ensures a moral personality, enriched and ennobled according to the measure of the stature of full manhood in Christ Jesus.' ” These generous words took away some of the sting of conscious failure to “connect up” with my audience, but I still feel that I am unfitted for public address with a pile of paper between me and my hearers.

Several years ago I spent a week in St Louis during Lent, speaking twice each day in the special services being held, at noon in Christ Church Cathedral, which stands near the center of the city, and at night in a Union Service of a group of churches in the residence district. A Christian layman, whom I had known personally, asked me if I would not come down and give a religious address to the people employed in his mills. He owns and operates—it is a stock company I believe, but he has the controlling interest—a mill where some seven hundred men and women are employed. He told me that they worked from eight to five, with an hour off for lunch, but that if I would come down some

afternoon, he would post a notice that the mill would close half an hour earlier that day (with no deduction of course in their pay) and that from four-thirty to five there would be a religious address in the big cafeteria where lunch is served every day at cost to the employees. He said that there would be no constraint placed upon any one to come, and as the meeting would be held at the end, rather than in the middle of the afternoon, it would be easy for any or for all of them to go home. He believed, however, that most of them would stay.

I had never received an invitation like this—an employer inviting a minister to give a religious address to his employees on time for which he is paying. I accepted most gladly. They had put in extra camp-chairs in the cafeteria, and when the hour came for the meeting, the place was packed. The proprietor whispered to me, as we went to the platform, that he did not believe any of his people had gone away. He introduced me in a few friendly words. There was no Scripture reading, no prayer, no music, just a straight address on the religion of Christ. There were Protestants, Catholics, and

Jews present, as well as people of no particular faith. I could not ask for a more responsive audience anywhere.

And the success of that meeting was due mainly to the fact that this employer is a Christian man, not merely on Sunday but straight through the other six days, not merely when he worships in God's house and plans for his benevolent gifts in his own house, but in the whole way by which he tries to make that business a direct expression of the spirit and method of the Master. He has achieved human brotherhood there in terms of economic life, and I counted it a high honor to be invited to speak to his employees.

When Phillips Brooks was Rector of Trinity Church, Boston, he initiated a Watch-night service. It was held each year at eleven o'clock on the 31st of December. The usual order of Evening Prayer was read, and he preached the sermon. A few minutes before twelve o'clock, he would offer a brief prayer, asking the congregation to continue with him, at the close of it, in silent prayer. When the chimes of the church sounded the hour of twelve, he arose from his knees and pronounced the benediction and entered with his people there

in God's house upon another New Year. It was a beautiful service always, and many people outside of his own parish were in the habit of attending it.

In the year 1926, the Rector of the church, Rev. Henry K. Sherrill, now Bishop of Massachusetts, invited me to come to his home, which had also been the home of his illustrious predecessor, Phillips Brooks, and to preach the sermon at the Watch-night service in Trinity Church. It was a joy indeed to feel myself in that home where the saintly soul of the great preacher had lived for many years, to sleep in the room where Dean Stanley of Westminster Abbey and Dean Farrar and other noted Anglican clergymen had slept on their visits to this country. It was a still higher privilege to stand in that pulpit, from which so many words of inspiration had fallen on my ears when I was a student in Boston thirty-odd years before.

I preached that night from the text "The land thou goest in to possess is a land of hills and valleys that drinketh water of the rain of heaven, a land which the Lord thy God careth for, and the eyes of the Lord are always upon it, from the beginning of the year even unto the end of the year." The

whole experience was a precious one to me, and I owed it all to the generous kindness of my good friend Henry K. Sherrill. May "the eyes of the Lord" be upon him in this larger work to which he has been called, from "the beginning of the year" to the end of all those years that lie ahead.

When the Japanese fleet made its trip around the world in 1909, it visited San Francisco. The people of the city gave a splendid banquet to the officers of the fleet at the Fairmount Hotel. Flags of the United States and of Japan were intertwined, and the flags of all the nations of earth were upon the tables and upon the walls. It was a brilliant occasion. Some four hundred guests sat down together, more than half of them in the handsome uniforms of the Army and Navy, with the various decorations they had received. Mayor Taylor presided and introduced the speakers. Governor Gillette represented the State of California. Admiral Igichi spoke for Japan, Colonel William S. Simpson for the United States Army, and Admiral Swinburne for the United States Navy.

I had been asked to speak on "International Good Will." This was in California, where ill-advised jingoes are frequently engaged in stirring

up ill-will between our own Pacific coast and the people of Japan. I felt therefore that as an envoy of "peace on earth and good will toward men" I had something to say—and I tried to say it as frankly as I could. It provoked a vigorous rejoinder, all in good spirit, and with admirable courtesy. It could hardly be expected that a minister of the Gospel and an Admiral of the Navy would see eye to eye touching our own "preparedness," or the best lines of foreign policy. When it was over, Mayor Taylor added to the general good feeling by saying cordially, "The Admiral has been given the opportunity of his life. And a scrap is all right, if it is a good scrap."

By the generous gift of Mrs. Dotha Bushnell Hillyer, a beautiful cultural center to be known as "The Horace Bushnell Memorial Hall" was presented to the City of Hartford, Connecticut. Horace Bushnell had been a commanding figure in the religious life and indeed in the whole civic life of Hartford for many years, and his daughter, Mrs. Hillyer, made this handsome gift (which amounted to about two million dollars) in memory of her honored father.

The Hall is a beautiful structure, Colonial in style, and well adapted for the giving of lectures, concerts, plays, or grand opera. It has a large stage, with all of the necessary equipment for such entertainment, and a magnificent organ. It seats thirty-four hundred people. The acoustics are so perfect that a man speaking from the platform in ordinary tones can be heard in every part of the great hall. It is equally well adapted for vocal and instrumental music. It is a very handsome and useful civic asset to the city which Horace Bushnell loved and served.

The Hall was formally dedicated in January, 1930, by exercises which extended through three evenings. No tickets were sold, but invitations had been issued to representative citizens of Hartford and vicinity, and the hall was filled each evening by distinguished companies of people. The exercises on the first night had to do more directly with the dedication of the Hall. Prayer was offered by Rev. Warren S. Archibald, a brief address was made by Charles F. T. Seaverns (a son-in-law of Mrs. Hillyer, and the President of the Memorial Corporation) presenting this splendid gift, and a few words were spoken by Mayor Batterson, who accepted it on be-

half of the city. A brief organ recital was given by Chandler Goldthwaite, concert organist.

I had been invited by the trustees to give the Memorial Address on "Horace Bushnell, a Great Man." I spoke of his contribution to the life of his city and of the nation, as a religious leader, as a thinker and writer, and as a public-spirited citizen. He was back of all the best interests of the city, and he taught the people to think large thoughts. On the following evening there was a concert by a chorus made up of the Choral Club, the Oratorio Society, and the Cecilia Club. On the third evening there was a symphony concert by the Philharmonic Orchestra of Philadelphia under the direction of Ossip Gabrilowitsch, who had married the daughter of Mark Twain, a long-time citizen of Hartford.

This generous action by the descendants of Horace Bushnell was deeply appreciated by all of the people of the community. The noble structure in which they lodged their desire to honor the memory of a great man and to advance the cultural interests of the city which he had so worthily served, will through many years accomplish the varied and beautiful ministry to which it was dedicated. Many

men and women of renown have made the city of Hartford their home. Among them all—and it is a goodly company—has there been one whose impress upon the higher life of the world would equal that of the man whose name is thus enshrined in that Memorial Hall!

• XVI •

VACATIONS

“**C**OME ye apart and rest awhile.” It was the Master of all the higher values who said that to his disciples. “He knew what was in man”—and what wasn’t, but had better be. He understood the value of alternating moods. He knew “the tides of the spirit, the ebb and flow of activity and receptivity through which the soul of man gets its growth and power. The work of life is not well done with a hot, feverish, burdened mind—it is best done with a mind calmed and fortified by moments of withdrawal.”

I believe in vacations for ministers, and for people generally. In the workaday world, the custom of an annual vacation, alike for those who work mainly with their hands and for those who work solely with their heads, is coming to be a regular part of the program. For the man who is preaching to the same congregation twice every Sunday, it is

imperative. He needs to get the homiletic stoop out of his shoulders for six weeks or two months at least once a year. He needs a fresh outlook upon life, physically, mentally, spiritually. If he has lived the year through at sea-level, let him go to the mountains. If he has been far inland, let him go where he can smell seaweed and kelp. He will find that he can do more of that real preaching, which inspires and profits people, in forty-six weeks than he can in fifty-two.

It may be objected by some pious soul that "the devil never takes a vacation." But the minister is not trying to model his life after the devil's. And it is a violent, gratuitous assumption to suppose that the community has been turned over to the devil, just because the parson is out of town for a month or so. The ordinary preacher will be more interesting and more effective in those forms of service which are vital, when he gets back from a real vacation. More than that, it is well for him to set a good example to all the hard-working people in the community who ought to have vacations. "Come ye apart and rest awhile"—it was the call of the Christ.

While I was in California, I learned to "lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh help"

—all kinds of help! After living at sea-level through the rest of the year, if I could go off for a month or six weeks in the Sierra to an elevation of four or five or even six thousand feet, it made me over. I would spend my days and my nights out of doors (for we always slept in the open) in that clean, dry air, every day a day of sunshine with violet rays shed upon us in profusion. I fished in the clear, cold mountain streams or in those lakes which were scooped out by the glaciers and now look up like blue eyes at the still bluer sky above. I roamed about among the sugar pines, the redwoods, and the sequoias, which are the oldest and the largest living things on earth. We would lie in our sleeping bags on thick beds of fir boughs, looking up at the stars, which in that clear air seem almost as near as the treetops, thinking how wonderful He must be, since He made all this. It was an experience which sent me back for another year of hard work with a song in my heart.

I spent one such summer in the King's River Canyon with a party of eight, two men and their wives, two unmarried women who were close friends, and a young fellow from my own congregation with whom I naturally paired off. The fly

fishing there in the King's River and its tributaries was so good that we had to stop, lest we overstock the larder. And when trout are caught in streams fed from melting snow fields in the high Sierra and from the glaciers, they can be eaten in quantities by people whose appetites have been whetted by mountain climbing.

There were no roads into King's River Canyon at that time. We packed in all of our supplies on horseback and we lived like lords of the realm during all those weeks. Five of us climbed to the top of Mt. Brewer, which is just a little less than fourteen thousand feet. This is the nearest I have ever gotten to heaven thus far. I had planned one summer to climb Mt. Shasta, which is fourteen thousand, four hundred and forty feet, but the man with whom I was going was compelled to give it up at the last moment, and that plan was never carried out.

I spent several summers at Glen Alpine, which gives one access to a dozen different lakes lying some fifteen miles from Lake Tahoe. Here I made the ascent of Pyramid Peak in company with a long-time friend, Josiah W. Stanford, a nephew of Leland Stanford and a great lover of the mountains. I spent four summers in the vicinity of Independence Lake,

some twenty miles from Truckee. I had a summer of fishing in Oregon on Spring Creek and the Williamson River, which empties into Klamath Lake. This was the greatest fly fishing I have ever enjoyed. I landed one rainbow trout which weighed eight pounds and a quarter and another which weighed six pounds and a half. I caught them with a number six Governor fly and a nine-foot gossamer leader, and landed them with a five-ounce rod. The larger one I had to play for an hour and twenty-five minutes in the stream before I could tire him out sufficiently to draw him in where he could be netted. While I was in that region, I made the trip to Crater Lake, one of the chief attractions in Southern Oregon. It is apparently the crater of an extinct volcano some five miles in diameter, the top of which blew off in some titanic eruption. It is now filled with water, and with a good-sized island in the center of it. It is indeed one of the wonders in a wonderful world.

When my wife and I were encamped one summer on a creek not far from Fordyce Lake, many, many miles from any human habitation, we had an interesting experience. One evening while we were eating supper, we saw two large, gray timber-wolves (not coyotes) coming down the side of the mountain

across the creek for a drink. We sat very still and did not speak. They were drinking from the creek not more than a hundred yards away. Presently they became suspicious. I do not believe that they saw us, but they evidently smelled something "which didn't belong." They put up their noses and sniffed, then bounded up the side of the mountain again, as fast as they could go.

We would sometimes see bear tracks; the foxes would sometimes steal our provisions at night, but we were never molested in any way, though we carried no firearms. We had all the trout we could eat; we packed in bacon, butter, potatoes, onions, ship biscuit, and beans; and with canned soups, vegetables, fruits, and condensed milk, we feasted, even though we were sometimes forty miles from the nearest grocery. We had self-rising buckwheat flour and a supply of maple syrup. At a level of six thousand feet, where the nights are cold, buckwheat cakes for breakfast even in August are a joy.

We spent delightful weeks for half a dozen summers as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Josiah W. Stanford at Summit Soda Springs, in a beautiful stone house built originally by Mark Hopkins, one of the four men who built the Central Pacific Railroad

from Ogden to San Francisco. Leland Stanford, Collis P. Huntington, and Charles Crocker were the other three. Here was a natural spring of effervescent water as appetizing and refreshing as White Rock or Apollinaris! This was near the north fork of the American river. The Stanfords were delightful hosts, and I have never found a more restful place.

I spent a summer once in Nova Scotia. I had read "the tale of Acadie," and I wanted to see "the forest primeval, the murmuring pines and the hemlocks, bearded with moss and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight, standing like Druids of old with voices sad and prophetic." I wanted to see "the village of Grand Pré, the basin of Minas and the mouth of the Gaspereau." It was all very beautiful and I read Longfellow's "Evangeline" through again with a deeper interest.

I had five weeks of fishing for land-locked salmon on the Tusket River. I stayed at the home of a farmer named John Hatfield, whose wife added to the family income by taking a few summer boarders. That summer it chanced that I was the only one. They kept three Jersey cows, yielding an abundance

of delicious cream and butter, a lot of chickens (the eggs served had been laid the same day), a wonderful garden with an ample crop of strawberries, green peas, tomatoes, and all the other fresh vegetables. The fishing was good—I caught and cleaned the salmon, and Mrs. Hatfield cooked them, with green peas from her garden as a side dish.

The man had been a fisherman on the Grand Banks of Newfoundland, and for eighteen years had gone down there every season with the fishing fleet. His stories of those days when they were out in small boats making the round of the trawls, enveloped in fog and in constant danger of being run down by some huge Atlantic liner, and of the many other hardships, were thrilling.

The first Sunday I inquired about a church service, and was told that there was a small country church two miles away. They were not regular church attendants, but the man offered to go with me that day to show me the way. I attended services in the little church during all the time I stayed. The last Sunday I was there my actions rather mystified them. Relying upon the promise of good weather, the farmer had on Saturday forenoon mowed down a lot of grass, that it might cure over Sunday and be ready to be

mowed away in his barn on Monday. He employed a boy of sixteen to help him with his hay, but the boy had gone home over Sunday to see his parents who lived fifteen miles away. The sun was hot on Saturday afternoon and Sunday forenoon, so that the hay cured rapidly. Just at noon on Sunday it showed signs of rain and the farmer was in distress lest he should lose the best part of his hay crop by allowing it to get wet. He had no one there to help him to get it under cover. He spoke of this at dinner and I told him that I had been brought up on a farm, that I had often worked in the hay, and that he and I had better go out after dinner and get that hay into the barn.

He and his wife exchanged significant looks of surprise that such a suggestion should come from this pious boarder—I had not told them that I was a minister or anything about myself—who attended church so regularly. He expressed his gratitude, however, and accepted my offer. I pitched it to him on the wagon and then pitched each load of hay off in the barn where he mowed it away. We worked diligently and rapidly, and just as it became so dark that we could not have seen to work much longer, it began to rain. But the last bit of hay was on the wagon

and he drove rapidly into the barn, thus saving his crop.

He wanted to pay me for my labor, but I assured him that I had enjoyed the experience, and was as happy as he was that we had saved the hay. I was there for five weeks, and as there were only the three of us for most of the time, we naturally became well acquainted. In all that time, with that fine sense of British reserve (which distresses some people, but commends itself strongly to many more), they never asked me what my business was or anything whatever about my personal life. I had not told them that I was a member of the Faculty of Yale University because I felt that the man might feel less free to talk to me about his experiences off the coast of Newfoundland if he knew that I was "one of those highbrow college professors." They simply knew that my name was Brown, that I liked to fish, enjoyed good things to eat, went to church on Sunday, and was ready, upon occasion, on that same sacred day, to make hay when the sun did not shine. They were willing to let it go at that.

I spent half a dozen summers at Camp Taconnet, which is located on an island in one of the Belgrade

Lakes in Maine. It was started nearly forty years ago and is still maintained by Mr. George F. Joyce, for many years Principal of the Dedham High School in Massachusetts and a graduate of Harvard in the same class with Theodore Roosevelt. It owes its success as a delightful place of resort to his gracious, resourceful nature and to the unusual executive ability of Mrs. Joyce.

When one goes there, he pays his bill as he would at any other camp, but he cannot go at all unless he has been invited to come by Mr. Joyce. In this way the pleasure of the guests has been increased by their knowledge of the fact that they would be associated with an agreeable company of people. It has been something like the "Squirrel Inn" in one of Frank Stockton's stories, where no one was allowed to register unless he could present satisfactory evidence that he was "personally acquainted with the Rockmores of Germantown."

On this island (all of which is owned by Mr. Joyce) one finds a central assembly hall, which houses the dining-room and kitchen, a hearth room with a big, open fireplace for social fellowship and a large, attractive room for entertainments, dancing, lectures, or religious services. There are thirty or

forty "cabins," varying in size, suitable for families. The clientele of the place has been such that it has attracted people of education and culture, the younger as well as the older, for Harvard and Yale boys are there to enjoy the company of girls from Wellesley, Smith, and Mt. Holyoke, as from many other schools and colleges. There are tennis-courts, a fine bathing beach, and good fishing for black bass, pickerel, and white perch. The motor-boats, row-boats, and canoes, owned by guests or provided by the management, make up quite a fleet.

The fact that the Joyces are people of genuine Christian devotion has made it natural that some religious service should be held every Sunday evening in the Assembly Hall. If no clergyman happened to be on the island, there would be a song service, with a brief address perhaps by some layman. During all of the vacations I spent there, it was my privilege to conduct such a service every Sunday night. It was not unusual for every person on the island, Catholic and Protestant alike, to be present—and with the help employed this meant ordinarily over a hundred people. There was a boys' camp on Pine Island, some six miles down the lake, and on clear nights twenty or thirty of the boys, with a

group of counselors, would paddle up in their canoes to attend the service. There were other camps not far away, and people in their summer homes who would often come, offering the preacher a congregation of good size and most responsive.

My wife's family went there every summer for a great many years. After we became engaged, I went there once to see her before we were married—and after our marriage we kept up the tradition. The whole atmosphere of the place and the thoughtful, competent provision made for one's comfort and pleasure have made it a unique spot.

The Federal Government is doing a great deal in these days to encourage people of modest means (as well as the more affluent) to spend their vacations in the open rather than in hanging about the cities and the various "summer resorts" for the more boisterous forms of diversion, worthy and unworthy, there provided. The paved roads and low-priced automobiles have brought within the reach of a large section of our population, a rapid, inexpensive, and delightful form of travel. On many of the Forest Reserves in the Pacific Coast States and elsewhere, "free camps" in attractive situations have been

opened on the shores of the lakes and the banks of the streams where good fishing can be enjoyed.

Here one finds a stone fireplace where fires for cooking or for warmth and good cheer can be built without the danger of starting forest fires. Sanitary conveniences are provided, and garbage cans are set about conveniently for the refuse—the contents of the cans being collected daily by government trucks to be hauled away to be burned or buried or dumped where it will not become a nuisance. In many of these camps an abundant supply of good water is provided by having it piped down from some spring higher up or from some mountain stream.

One of the most inviting of these free camps which I have seen any where is at Diamond Lake, Oregon, where I spent several weeks in the summer of 1930. This beautiful lake, lying at an elevation of over five thousand feet, twenty miles north of Crater Lake, is diamond-shaped, some five miles long and three miles wide. It has mountains on either side rising up for nine thousand feet, showing snow near the top even in August. It is an ideal place for an outing. The fishing is excellent, for at one end of the lake there is the largest fish hatchery for rainbow trout to be found anywhere in the world. This hatchery

is maintained by the State of Oregon, and one million trout are planted every year in Diamond Lake alone, so that it is not in danger of being "fished out."

There is a good hotel for those who would be free from all domestic cares, furnished cottages for housekeeping, a service station for automobiles, and a general store where campers can be supplied with anything which they failed to bring. There are in the various free camps around the lake conveniences for as many as five hundred people. Here any man, farmer, mechanic, business man, or whatnot, may come in his own car with his wife and children, food and camp outfit, to enjoy a delightful vacation with almost no addition to their ordinary cost of living beyond the price of the gasoline used to bring them to an attractive spot. The dead timber in the forest furnishes fuel in abundance. And under the care and direction of men in the Forestry Service, this sort of thing is being done wherever there are Forest Reserves.

· XVII ·

CHANGES

“**N**EW occasions teach new duties,” as Adam said to Eve, when they were slowly and painfully making their way out of the Garden of Eden. They were going out to eat their bread by the sweat of their brows, and this necessity for earning their livings meant an entire change of method. From that day to this, the whole human race has been living “in a time of transition.” The demand for readjustment to changing conditions has been constant.

The Church of Christ is not having an easy time these days. It never has had—it never will, so long as it is true to its duty. Its advance is challenged by all the forces of evil from without and by a lot of spiritual sloth within. “Straight is the gate and narrow is the way,” and it is an uphill road from start to finish. The leading symbol of our Christian faith is not an easy chair—it is a cross. If the church would be His disciple, it must be prepared to live

dangerously, to practise self-denial, to take up its duty and carry on in the teeth of opposition.

There are certain forms of opposition which, like the poor, are "always with us." The world, the flesh, and the devil "are too much with us soon and late," and unless we look out, "they lay waste our powers." There are times, however, when the opposition seems to become unusually insistent. Roger Babson told us recently that the automobile had put the forces of evil on wheels. Every police department knows that full well—crimes are committed every day, where the criminals get away because they can "step on the gas."

"And very soon," Mr. Babson added, "the cheaper aëroplane will enable the forces of evil to mount up with wings like eagles"—like the wickedest and most cruel sort of eagles! Satan does not "go about like a roaring lion" these days—he knows tricks worth ten of that. When I look out at the work of my brother ministers, I feel that these many changes have made their task much harder than the task was which confronted me when I was ordained forty-one years ago.

Here are certain factors in the present situation which offer a challenge to our religious forces! The

automobile itself has made a great change in the habits of the people. Forty years ago there were no automobiles; twenty years ago there were only a few; now we have more of them per capita than any other nation on earth. One to every five of our population! If all the men, women, and children in the land wanted to get in and go out for a ride next Sunday morning, while the ministers are conducting services of worship, there would be cars enough on hand for them all.

It is very easy for a man to put his wife and children into the automobile on Sunday morning, and go off for the day to "worship God in Nature," as he calls it, when he is explaining his Sunday habits to his minister. How much moral fiber, spiritual determination, readiness to share in Christian activities is being developed by that habitual use of the one day in seven made sacred to the higher interests of the race?

Forty years ago there were no movies, twenty years ago only a few, now they are everywhere! They have wrought a further change in the mental habits of multitudes of people. They offer a cheap, easy kind of diversion which cannot by any stretch of the imagination be called a form of art. When real actors

and actresses do their work on the stage, they are engaged with real people. They have the sense of response from an audience.

But when one goes to the movies, all he sees (or hears) is a lot of people having their pictures taken in a social vacuum out at Hollywood. No one looks interesting or feels interesting when he is having his picture taken and when we see them, rolling their eyes up and down, pulling their features this way and that, in the "close-ups," vainly trying to express something which they do not feel (and in the very nature of the case cannot feel), it is pathetic.

But those films are carried at slight cost to every street corner in the cities and to every crossroads in the country. The number of people who go almost passes belief—sixteen millions a day, we are told—not the same sixteen million every day, but that is the average! And they are rapidly getting "the movie habit of mind," which does not care to read nor to think. It is satisfied just to sit and look at the pictures. When a whole generation of people has been fed profusely upon that sort of gruel, it is not easy to interest them in a square meal of the bread of life. But there it is, offering a further challenge

to those who stand for instruction, persuasion, moral appeal, and the worship of God!

Another change in the attitude of multitudes of people toward public worship has been brought about by the radio. The general feeling among ministers is that the radio is not an asset but a liability. It teaches millions of people to accept a feeble, unworthy substitute for the real thing. For the aged and the invalids, for the shut-ins and the shut-offs, it is a mercy. May heaven's blessing rest upon them in all that they can get out of it! But for the able-bodied, it is often an encouragement to spiritual laziness.

Here is a robust man who sits down at home on Sunday in dressing-gown and slippers, with a good cigar, and listens in for fifteen or twenty minutes to Dr. Cadman or Dr. Fosdick, and thinks he has been to church. He often feels that he has done something rather shrewd. "Why should I go down to listen to our poor little second-or-third-rate preacher, when I can stay at home and hear the best!"

He has not been to church. He has not cast his vote for spiritual values by going through the streets of his home town to the church of his choice. He has not organized and socialized his worship with that of

his fellows in a way to make it spiritually effective for the higher life of the community. He has not even paid his fare. The salaries of Cadman and Fosdick are paid by people who go to church. If every one were as narrow-minded and selfish as he is, seeking to sponge his way into the kingdom of heaven, there would be no services of worship where he could listen in.

And the poor chap does not get much! The difference between going to church and listening in somewhere (at a safe distance from the collection plate and all other forms of responsibility) is like the difference between spending the evening with a charming young woman and telephoning to her. Any one who has tried both, as I have, knows the difference.

“God so loved the world that he telephoned down the good news and put it on the air!” It does not read that way. God so loved the world that he gave us the good news of redemption in the person of His Son. His Son so loved the world that he took upon himself the form of a servant and was made in the likeness of men. “The word” of redemption “was made flesh and dwelt among us full of grace.”

And that personal method, Jesus said to his dis-

ciples, was to be universal and permanent. "As the Father hath sent me, I send you. He that receiveth you, receiveth me and he that receiveth me, receiveth Him that sent me." The whole way between the highest form of divine help and the farthest reach of human need was to be bridged by that sort of devoted flesh and blood which it lay within His power (and within ours as branches of the true vine) to furnish. Divine help cannot be sent effectively along a copper wire or put on the air. It has to be communicated through personality. But millions of light-hearted people are ready to "catch the nearest way" and accept an unworthy substitute.

The automobile, the moving picture, and the radio are interesting and useful inventions. They certainly have a place in this modern world. But to multitudes of people they are like new toys—the children do not know yet quite what to do with them. Their minds have not gained a true perspective or a just sense of relative values. They have not learned to put the first things first.

The present craze for amusement offers another challenge to religion. It is not too much to say that we are living in an age which in large measure is

amusement-mad. It must be forever going somewhere, here, there, anywhere, everywhere, just so it is not the place where it finds itself already. It is constantly crying out, "Start something! Do something! Take me somewhere, or I shall scream from sheer boredom!" It feels so poverty-stricken, intellectually and spiritually, that it is crazy for diversion. When Maxim Gorky saw Coney Island, he said, "What an unhappy people it must be, that turns to this for happiness!"

This age is in danger of losing both the disposition and the ability to stay in one place long enough to read anything worth while or to think thoughts of its own or to pray. When people have been rushing about for years, panting and out of breath, physically, mentally, spiritually, it is not easy to induce them to "wait upon the Lord in quietness and confidence" for the renewal of that inner, finer form of strength. How sorely they need it to enable them to meet their obligations faithfully, to overcome difficulties cheerfully, and to achieve the high ends of human existence with that fine serenity of mind and soul which I would regard as about the noblest quality this human nature of ours can show!

The cynical tone in much of our current literature

is a further menace to aspiration. Many of our novelists, play-writers, and society people seem to think that the promise in the opening verse of the Book of Psalms reads, "Blessed is the man who sits in the seat of the scornful." They like to sit there all the time. And the seat of the scornful is no longer just a seat—it is not even a settee or a long bench. It is made up of a whole section of seats, stretching clear around the stadium and on out into the field. And those seats are often filled from end to end.

What a lot of wild, sour talk we have heard recently! We are told that "marriage is a failure"—therefore let's abolish marriage and have the promiscuous, free love of the other animals! We are told that industry and private property often make men selfish and sordid—therefore let's do away with private property and go Bolshevik! We are told that city governments are often dominated by bold, bad men—therefore let's destroy all government and trust to luck under some loose form of anarchy! We are told that the churches sometimes show themselves narrow, bigoted, wooden—therefore let's scrap the church and rub along the best we can without God! Blessed is the man who sits in the seat of the scorn-

ful with no respect for anything! He has a violent headache, all the time.

For the last ten years, Henry S. Canby has been saying a lot of wise and just things about the literature of the day—rather more of those wise and just things perhaps than any other man we can think of just now. He wrote these words recently: “The typical young person in an ordinary novel is about like this. At ten, he sees through his parents and caricatures them in a flippant phrase. At fourteen, he sees through education, and begins to dodge it. At eighteen, he sees through morality and begins to step over it. At twenty, he loses all respect for his home town and for our government. At twenty-one, he discovers that our whole industrial and social system is simply ridiculous. At twenty-four, the story suddenly ends, because he has seen through everything and does not know what to do next.” That cynical mood lies heavy upon a great section of our modern life, and it is a further challenge to aspiration.

The lack of a better understanding between age and youth in these days has to be charged up as a debit. It is easy for age, with its sense of waning vitality, to become tired and sour. It often goes

about sighing for "the good old days." I wonder! The former times which were so much better than these have a way of putting imaginary halos around their heads when we view them through the haze of sentimental reminiscence. "Jabez is not the man he used to be," one villager said to another, as an old neighbor limped by. "No," was the reply, "and what's more, he never was."

It is also easy for youth to become flippant and cynical, where it is content to sit on the bleachers without even trying to play the game. It is poor business all round. It does not require either energy or brains or character to sneer—all that is needed is a soft lip which can be readily curled up. And all those people, young and old, whose prevailing mood is a sneer, must know that they have no more value for human progress than the chaff which the wind driveth away.

I have no sympathy whatever with this wholesale decrying of the tendencies of youth. The young people are not everything that is great and grand and good. Neither are they the last word in total depravity. They are mixed, like the rest of us. "The wheat and the tares grow together," in that soil which is rich and warm and fertile beyond

measure, for good or for ill according to the seed sown in it.

And those of us who have grown older, who in our own day (to be perfectly frank about it) have sowed both the wild oats and the finest of the wheat, "learning obedience" like the prophet of old, "by the things we suffered," will make our best showing when we maintain that cordial, open-minded attitude which will help both age and youth to do their best in friendly coöperation.

When I was at Winthrop Church in Boston, one of my parishioners told me this story—she was there that morning in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, and saw it. Henry Ward Beecher was pastor of Plymouth Church at that time. He was the outstanding figure in the American pulpit and he was at the height of his power. His father, Lyman Beecher (also a clergyman) was visiting his illustrious son, and one Sunday morning he was sitting well up in front in the pastor's pew.

Henry Ward Beecher was bringing out some aspect of the new theology, as he had come to hold it, in the light of the principle of organic evolution which he cordially accepted. Suddenly up got Lyman Beecher, saying, "Henry, may I say a word

just there?" Beecher paused, and with a friendly look said, "Why certainly, father! Say on." Then Lyman Beecher turned to the congregation and said, "Now Henry puts it this way! It is not that way at all. It is this way"—and he proceeded to state the truth as he saw it.

Beecher stood there listening with a smile on his face which blessed the congregation more than many a sermon. When his father had finished and sat down, he paid a beautiful tribute to his father's influence upon his own life and then resumed his sermon at the point where he had been interrupted. "Let the spirit of Elijah rest upon Elisha"! Let age and youth go forth hand in hand according to their different methods to build that everlasting kingdom which is not dogma nor ritual, but righteousness and peace and joy in the divine spirit! "Diversities of operation, but the same Lord!"

During these forty years there have been many changes in the religious life of the country. Many of them a distinct gain! There has come a much better understanding between the various branches of the Christian church. When I was an urchin, attending that country school in Iowa, the feeling

between the children whose parents said "Sunday" and the children whose parents always referred to the first day of the week as "the Sabbath Day," was so intense that for several summers they would not play together at recess or during the noon hour. The "Sabbath day" children took one end of the playground for their game of "black man," or "drop-the-handkerchief," and we took the other. They called us "the heathen" and we called them "Pharisees," although none of us knew exactly what those words meant, nor did we understand at all the particular sanctity, or the lack of it, which attached to the varying designations for the day of rest. We were small fry, but we had just as much of the spirit of petty sectarianism as any of the Puritans a century ago ever dared have.

"Extra ecclesiam nulla salus," a certain branch of the Christian church use to say in stately Latin! In plain English it means, "Outside of my church, there is no salvation for any of the rest of you, and that is all there is about it." Such a statement belongs to what is commonly known as a "dead language."

We are not so bigoted now as that Scotch clergyman was a generation or two ago. Two men, one a

member of the Established Church and one a member of the Free Kirk, were discussing the claims of their respective churches. The Free Churchman was much the broader and kindlier of the two. He finally said, "Well, after all, I cannot see that there is much difference between us when we come to the essentials." "There is just one difference," the other man replied stiffly. "We will be saved, and you will be damned." It would be impossible in these days to find even "traces" (as the chemist would put it) of that attitude, in any branch of the Protestant church.

In the more intelligent sections of the church, there have come better methods of Bible study and a much more honest, accurate, discriminating method of Biblical interpretation. There has come into the teaching of the pulpits a more vital presentation of the great essential truths of our common faith. There has come a much more inclusive grasp of Christian purpose. We are here not to snatch a few brands from the burning—we intend to put out the fire and make this world a safe place to live in. We are not trying to rescue a few elect souls from a sinking ship in order to get them into the ark of safety and up to heaven. We are here to

enlist and train a crew for the saving of the ship itself—the ship which carries in its hold all these precious secular interests of society. We propose to make that ship seaworthy and learn how to sail it on all the high seas of human effort and in all the various kinds of weather which God sees fit to send.

Had I said these things in that blunt way forty years ago, I should probably have been turned out. Here and there a few men were saying them, but they were “voices crying in the wilderness.” Now, such expressions are the commonplaces of pulpit appeal. Industry is to be humanized as other great interests have been humanized, as fast as the moral idealism of the world learns to take itself seriously seven days in the week. Commerce is to be made, not the selfish squabble of a lot of hungry animals for the best bones, but a noble section of the spiritual life of the race, where men “diligent in business” are also “serving the Lord” by their steady regard for the higher human values involved.

Education is to be something more than the training of the hand or the filling of the head with knowledge—it is to include the culture and development of the spirit. The homes of men are to

be made miniature copies of that great moral order where God the Father sits at the head of the table and we "become as little children" that we may enter. The nations of earth are to be set together in a great brotherhood of joint endeavor for the welfare of the whole race. These high aims, now become familiar, are being held before the minds of worshipping people all over the land. And the fact that it is so, indicates a wholesome change which has come mainly within the last forty years.

We have been told by a recent writer in striking phrase, that "the decisive factors in social well-being are three, skill, fidelity, and coöperation." They have to do with "mental capacity, moral capacity, social capacity." The welfare of the whole race is being held back by the unskilled, the unfaithful, and the unbrotherly.

In similar vein, the New Testament said to us a long time ago, "Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that need not be ashamed"—that is skill! "Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee the crown of life"—that is fidelity! "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye love one another"—that is sympathy and coöperation! On these three hangs our whole

case for human betterment. And the driving force behind them all, furnishing the necessary spiritual dynamic, will be found in a more vital form of religion. We are here to build that better social order grounded in the sense of human brotherhood, because we are striving to live together in a filial attitude toward the one God and Father of us all.

Another change which I have witnessed in my brief day of life—a change which will contribute to the volume of that spiritual dynamic—is the movement in our non-liturgical churches toward a finer quality of worship. “Worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness.” “Worship the Father in spirit and in truth.” These are high commands which are meant to be obeyed.

Any minister or layman who refers to everything which precedes the sermon as “the preliminaries” ought to be punished by being compelled to learn the Westminster Catechism by heart and recite it daily for six months until the germs of such disrespect are burned out of him. There are no “preliminaries.” From the moment when the organist puts his hands on the keys of that instrument which stands supreme among all the musical

instruments, until the last note of the postlude dies away, it is all meant to be worship. It is meant to aid in setting up those mysterious but potent reactions between these finite spirits of ours and the Infinite Spirit who is above all, through all, and in us all.

The minister who reads the Scripture lesson just as he would read the minutes of the last meeting, or who prays as if he were making a speech, or who flings himself about in his pulpit in slovenly fashion, has forgotten what he is supposed to be doing. The choir which sings, not "with the spirit and the understanding," but as a cold-blooded artistic—or inartistic—performance, and the soloist who roars out or screams out some big noise, desecrating the sanctuary of the Lord as completely as if some bull of Bashan had broken loose and gotten in, should be silenced.

But a true service of worship cannot be conducted by the unaided efforts of the man in the pulpit and the people in the choir. "Let the people praise thee, O God, let all the people praise thee." Worship is social—it is a corporate exercise. It is the concerted movement of many minds and hearts upon Him who is the Author and Giver of life.

When the people enter the church saying, by the words of their lips, by the meditations of their hearts, and by their whole bearing, "This is the house of God! This is the gate of heaven," they create an atmosphere. It is an atmosphere where one finds it easy to ask and receive, to seek and to find Him, to knock until doors open into a world unseen.] What better answer can be made to those forces which are drawing people away from the church in these days, than this finer quality of worship!

Willard Sperry once said that "we always get a greater moral purchase on a man's inner life by facing him squarely upon some great objective spiritual reality," than by merely exhorting him to quit his meanness and behave himself and buck up! Here is that classical instance in the Book of Isaiah! "In the year that King Uzziah died, I saw the Lord, high and lifted up, sitting upon His throne. The seraphs filled the temple, and one cried to another, 'Holy, holy, holy is the Lord of Hosts! The whole earth is full of His glory.' " The open vision and the adoration of the Most High!

Then the young man said, "Woe is me, for I am undone! I am a man of unclean lips and I dwell in

the midst of a people of unclean lips! And mine eyes have seen the king." Penitence and confession of fault, consequent upon that vision of God!

"Then one of the seraphs took a live coal from the altar and touched my lips, saying, 'Thy sin is purged, thine iniquity is taken away!'" Moral renewal consequent upon that mood of penitence and the vision of God!

"Then I heard a voice say, 'Whom shall I send? Who will go for us?' And I said, 'Here am I. Send me.'" The consecration of one's powers to the highest end in sight!

There we have the natural cycle of worship. The vision of God calling out the adoration of our hearts. The mood of penitence and confession which follows inevitably upon that vision! The glad experience of inward renewal at the hands of those spiritual forces for which the temple stands! The ready consecration of one's powers to Christian service induced by those high moods which have gone before!

Is there any place on earth where such august transactions between the seen and the unseen are being carried on except in the church where wor-

ship is rightly ordered! The theater would say at once, "It is not in me," and the moving picture place would promptly add, "It is not in me." The lecture platform would admit that all this lies quite beyond its reach. We may well rejoice that a profound change has come at this point and that the churches are moving toward a finer quality of devotion.

I have seen many changes in these forty years, some of them all to the good, and some of them depressing. I firmly believe that the challenge of those forces which are drawing people away from religion these days can be met. I am not a pessimist, and I do not believe that the Lord God Almighty has cut out for Himself a piece of work which will prove too hard for Him. If we do our part, with anything like a decent measure of fidelity, we shall see Him coming off more than conqueror. I expect to be there to witness His triumph and to join in the Hallelujah Chorus, "Blessing and honor and glory and power be unto Him, for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth!" All the kingdoms of this world, business, politics, education, recreation,

and the rest, shall become kingdoms of Christ!

How much depends upon one's point of view in looking at any set of facts! There were two buckets once which lived in a well—perhaps the same well where the "Old Oaken Bucket" lived so long. They were suspended from the two ends of a long chain, for the well was deep. They passed each other on their journeys up and down, and they often exchanged greetings. One of them was a pessimist and he said to the other, "What a dreary world this is—no matter how full of water I come up, I always go down again empty." "Why," said the other, "I was just thinking what a glorious place this is! No matter how empty I go down, I always come up again, filled to the brim with clear, cold water to slake some one's thirst!" There are many adversaries in the way of Christian effort, but there is set before us a great and effectual door of opportunity opened wide.

Here and there we meet people who seem to think that Christian life is dull and drab, pale and thin, cold and negative. How little they know! Where have they been! They are as far from the truth as the North Pole is from the South Pole. They never

got that idea from the Bible. It tells us about people who by faith subdued kingdoms and wrought righteousness, quenched the violence of fire and stopped the mouths of liars, waxed valiant in the good fight and turned back the armies of evil. It is a record filled to the brim with the spirit of moral heroism and high adventure. The Master came, not to lop off and cut out, not to dilute and tone down. He came that we might have life which is life indeed, and have it to the full. The most radiant thing the sun shines on is a genuinely Christian life.

I have given forty-one years of my own life to the Christian ministry. It has been hard work throughout, but a great, glad experience. If I had my life to live over, I would do it again, hoping to do it much better because of what I have learned through my blunders and failures and by the exceeding grace which has been given me from above. If any word which I have written here serves to make that high calling seem more interesting and alluring in the eyes of any young man of promise, I shall thank God and take courage and sing the Long Meter Doxology through again three times without stopping.

“So let the way wind up the hill or down
 Though rough the road, the journey will be joy;
 Still seeking what I sought when but a boy,
New friendships, high adventure and a crown.
 I shall grow old but never lose life’s zest,
 Because the road’s last turn will be the best.”

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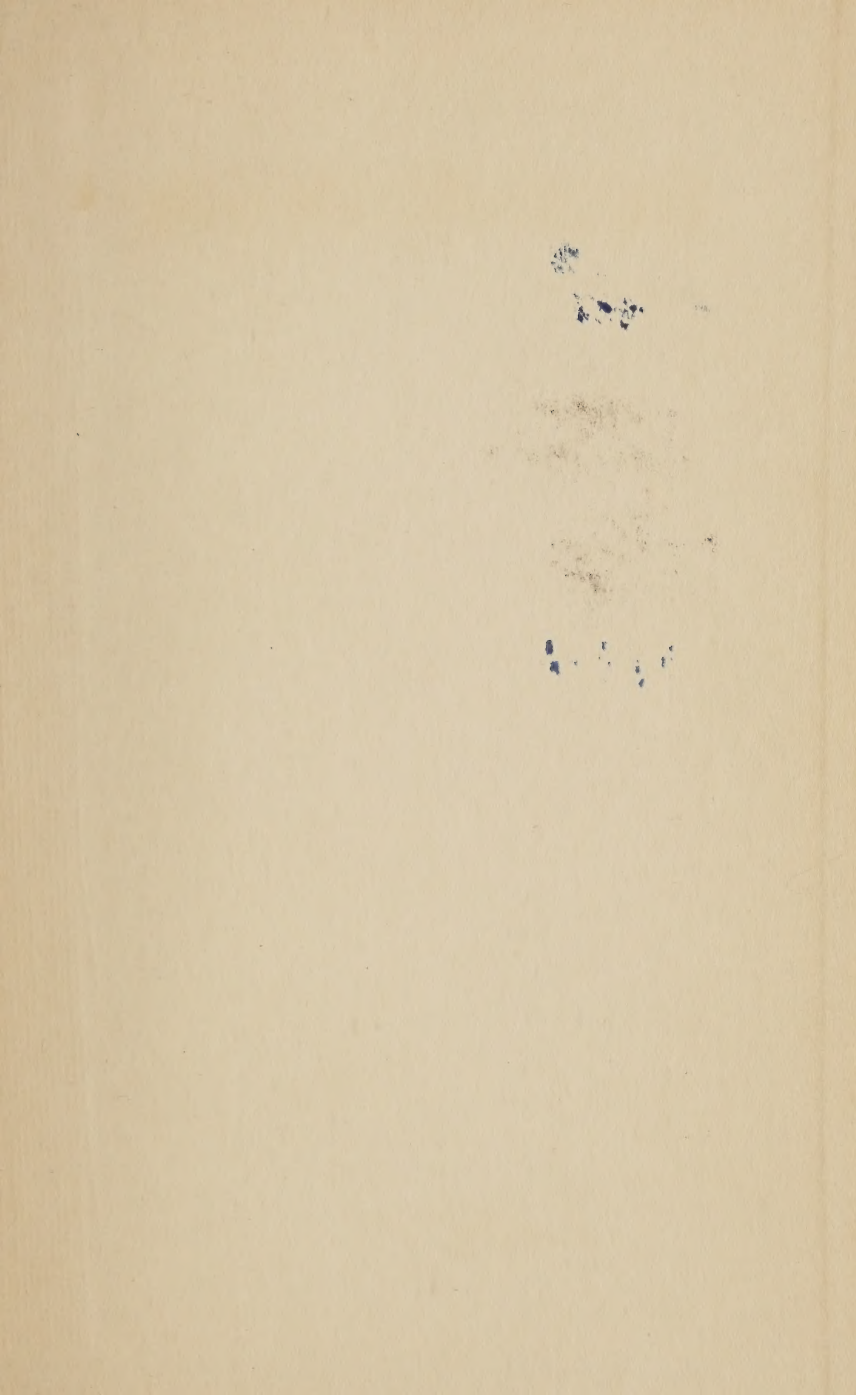
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